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WASHED BY FOUR SEAS

H. C. WOODS

Henry Charles Woods

1907

Frontispiece.

WASHED BY FOUR SEAS

AN ENGLISH OFFICER'S TRAVELS IN THE NEAR EAST

BY

H. C. WOODS, F.R.G.S.
(FORMERLY OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS)

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY SIR MARTIN CONWAY

ILLUSTRATED BY OVER 60 OF THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS

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INTRODUCTION

In these days of rapid, frequent, and easy communication, it is safe to assume that many readers of such a book as this are likely to have actually seen some of the places mentioned in it. Sofia and Constantinople lie on the line of what may be called the normal holiday routes. Nevertheless, the Near East remains little understood even by those who have hurriedly passed through it, whilst once the beaten track is quitted the dominions of the Sultan of Turkey are stranger to the ordinary Englishman than are the wilds of Central Africa. Most people can form a picture of the mode of life of African savages, and some idea of their occupations, their tribal habits and superstitions, and the kind of world in which they live. Travellers and missionaries have made us at home amongst African natives. But it is safe to assert that the average man understands nothing whatever about people and affairs in the Balkan

Peninsula. Its geography is complicated. Its ethnography is confused. Its history is intricate. Its politics are inexplicable. We have plenty of books that deal with these matters, some very learned, others of transitory importance; but each year that passes makes room for more. The situation changes continually. There is always something new to record, always a new subject to paint, a new problem to be explained, a new complication to disentangle.

The reader will discover that the book, which I have undertaken to open with these few lines, can establish for itself a sound right to exist. It makes no pretensions to being a learned and exhaustive dissertation on any international problem. It claims merely to be the honest record of what fell under the eyes of an industrious and careful young traveller, who had a purpose in view in his wanderings, and was enabled to obtain information on certain important military and other questions not before acquired by any English expert. The chapters on the Bulgarian Army and on the defences of Constantinople may, I think, be mentioned as worth more than a mere passing attention. The chapter upon railroads will likewise prove to be of genuine value to all except specially informed experts. Much of the politics

of the Near East turns and will for some time turn on railroad questions. Few ordinarily well-informed persons, I imagine, could give even the vaguest outline of the problems and interests involved. A brief and careful statement, therefore, of the present state of railroad affairs, from one who has examined those questions on the spot and in communication with high local authorities, is well worth attention.

The book is not a continuous narrative of a journey or journeys, but conveys under a few selected headings the impressions derived from two extended tours away from the beaten track. The writer's attempt has been to state these impressions in the simplest manner for the benefit of readers who have not been over the ground described, and who may wish to obtain the kind of first impression that would be produced on an intelligent traveller visiting them for the first time. I think he will find that he has obtained the result he aimed at.

In concluding these preliminary remarks, it only remains for the old and now retired traveller who writes them, and who has known the young author from his childhood, to state his confidence that whatever industry, rectitude of mind, and careful and intelligent observation, based on

laborious preliminary study, could accomplish he is likely to have accomplished; and to express the hope that he may be enabled in the future to enlarge the sphere of his studies in the Near East, and thus help to enlighten the minds of his fellow-countrymen and help to elucidate the highly important and by them much neglected problems presented by that remarkable region.

MARTIN CONWAY.

WASHED BY FOUR SEAS

CHAPTER I

First Arrival in the East

Smyrna was to me the beginning of the East. I had decided, owing to many reasons, to make my first visit to Turkey by sea.

The town of Smyrna is situated at the head of a picturesque bay some thirty miles long. The ordinary Mediterranean steamer steers its course up the deep blue waters of this gulf on the fifth day after leaving Marseilles. The town of Smyrna is built partly on the level ground close to the sea, and one of the most important European streets actually skirts the water's edge; in it are situated many European residences and hotels. The remainder of the town is picturesquely situated on the lower slopes of Mount Pagus.

Smyrna is far prettier from the sea and from Mount Pagus than one thinks it when the narrow,

winding, dirty streets are actually visited. I was fortunate enough to be landed in the boat belonging to the British Consulate, and was therefore saved the annoyance and delay of having my passport inspected by the Turkish officials. The Cavas* of the Consulate also obtained a guide for me.

My visit to Smyrna allowed time for a drive through the town and an excursion to Mount Pagus, which is situated on the outskirts of the Turkish quarter of the city. The hill attains an elevation of about 460 feet above the sea. The summit of Mount Pagus is crowned with the ruins of an old castle; besides this there is a large ruined reservoir, covered with a vaulted roof supported on pillars, which dates from the thirteenth century.

Smyrna is by far the most important town in Asia Minor; it may be styled the Liverpool of the Eastern Mediterranean. The population of about 200,000 is a diverse one. More than half the total number are Greeks, the remainder being composed of Mohammedans, and considerable Armenian, Jewish, and Frankish colonies.

From Smyrna to Constantinople the voyage takes about twenty-four hours by a fast Mediterranean steamer.

* Armed servant.

SMYRNA FROM HALF WAY UP MOUNT PAGUS.

RUINED CASTLE ON MOUNT PAGUS.

To face page 2.

The Turks do not suit their customs and make their laws for the convenience of the tourist; and this I soon found out, owing to the fact that no ship may pass the Dardanelles during the night, or land its passengers at Constantinople after dark. It is therefore the main object of captains of ships to reach the Dardanelles at dawn, show their papers to the authorities at once, and, if possible, make the voyage up the Sea of Marmara in time to land their passengers before dark. The *Equateur*, on which I was, passed the town of Chanak, on the Dardanelles, at dawn, and covered the distance of some 150 miles to Constantinople before dusk. Travellers like myself, making their first acquaintance with the Straits, rushed on deck in all sorts of attires to greet the wonders of the ancient Hellespont.

The passage of the Sea of Marmara is wearisome, and the sea is often rough. All the travellers are longing for a sight of the capital. The tourist on his way to Constantinople receives constant visits from men who have gone to Smyrna in the hope of making certain of employment as guides as soon as the steamer arrives at the quay-side. The wearisomeness of the voyage is, however, amply compensated for by the first view of the longed-for city. There is no more beautiful scene

than that which confronts you before reaching Constantinople, from the Sea of Marmara. The quaint old walls extend at intervals from the Seraglio Point to the Seven Towers, a distance of nearly five miles, and over them rise the picturesque mass of the confused minarets of Stambul, the huge dome of St. Sophia being clearly visible amongst its neighbours. To the right, the white houses, cemeteries, and cypress trees of Scutari and its suburbs extend along the Asiatic shore as far as the eye can reach. In the centre of the panorama is the opening of the Bosphorus. The ship rounds the Seraglio Point and enters the Golden Horn, with its confusion of wonderful and diverse shipping. Passenger steamers from every country in Europe are moored to the quays, or to buoys adjacent to them. Hundreds of kaiks move up and down over waters of the deepest blue. Over all is the sense of Eastern mystery and romance.

The capital once sighted, preparations for disembarkation begin on all sides. The natives arrange their wonderful bundles; the better-class passengers pack their last "knick-knacks." The *Equateur* arrived just in time to allow us to disembark before dusk. Of course, those who knew anything of Eastern customs followed the invariable rule of removing nothing from their cabins until

the person selected to take charge of it had been found. The quay is one mass of seething, shrieking humanity. Many of these fellows, more respectable in appearance than the rest, wear the badge of some Pera hotel on their cap; the still more respectable and cultivated adorn themselves with felt hats. These more respectable gentlemen are obliged to trust for their recommendation to cards which they produce from their pockets, and which they themselves are often unable to read.

I trusted my fate to one of these latter, who informed me he had been sent by the Pera Palace Hotel to assist me. I was also welcomed by the faithful Pelligrini, sent by friends, and who subsequently on several occasions accompanied me to the interior of the country. Between the two I ought to have been well looked after.

Those who have gone through the horrors of an arrival at an Eastern port with a large amount of luggage will agree with me that no language can describe the misery of the situation. After much delay and many screams, threats, and bribes, all your baggage arrives in a dirty shed, which performs the duty of a custom-house. The inspection is not nominal, as in many countries. The whole of your worldly possessions are inspected, turned over, and in many cases made fun of, by the

assembled officials. There is no way of anticipating what may be viewed with disfavour by the inspectors. These lordly gentlemen take particular exception to any article of equipment which the Turks do not themselves use, and whose purpose they do not therefore understand. It often adds greatly to the amusement of the other passengers to witness another's baggage undergoing this minute and irritating inspection. I have seen leaves torn out of books and destroyed, and the book then complacently returned to its silent but indignant owner. Even a guide-book is unpopular. The most innocent book is sometimes forbidden if it discusses the political conditions of Turkey or other countries. Some books of mine were seized and returned to London without any request from me, and free of charge. It was impossible for me to gain admittance for them into the country under any pretext whatever, and it was only after the repeated attempts of the officials of the British Embassy to obtain them that they were returned to London. One certain manner of allaying the zeal of the officials is to present them with a douceur. I have always fancied since this, my first arrival in Turkey, that my guide took money from me for this purpose and did not distribute it; at all events, I have never been

assailed by such difficulties as on my first arrival. I have since seen to this distribution myself. On another occasion, when I arrived in Turkey by train, the officials carefully felt in the pockets of my greatcoat, which was hung up in my sleeping-car. A guide-book was by chance discovered in one pocket, and, had it not been for the assistance of a fellow-traveller who explained its harmlessness, would certainly have been confiscated.

It is with the greatest difficulty that permission is obtained to import firearms. It was only after an enormous amount of trouble that I was able to land my shot-gun, which came out direct by sea from London. My rifle was never allowed to leave the custom-house, and remained there until my departure from Turkey. Cartridges are absolutely forbidden, and it would, I think, be impossible to land them unless the boxes were addressed to some Embassy or Consular official. In order to import a revolver, it is necessary to wear it, and so avoid detection.

I have only digressed from the story of my first arrival in Turkey to show my readers that there are difficulties with the custom-house officials whichever route you may select. The trials of an arrival in the docks are, however, greater than by train. The Orient Express is, of course, by far the

easiest method of arrival in, or departure from, Turkey, because the passengers are fewer, and the amount of luggage therefore considerably less. Also there are none of the poorer classes to have their bundles undone and searched, which occupies a great deal of time.

During the baggage inspection other officials are worrying you for your passport, which is closely inspected, and then marked and returned to you, in exchange for which you are asked to state what hotel you are going to make your headquarters. After considerable delay, all the big luggage is placed on the backs of "hammals" (porters), whose business it is to carry heavy loads. My boxes were all conveyed to Pera, a distance of at least a mile and a half, on the backs of two of these men, who, by the way, provide themselves with a kind of saddle or hump arrangement, placed in the hollow of their back, to moderate the burden. The same amount of luggage in London had at starting provided an ample load for a four-wheeler. The strength of these porters, however, is marvellous, and I have seen one of them carry a grand piano or a large wardrobe, and walk along as though his burden were a bag of feathers.

GALATA AND THE BOSPHORUS.

GALATA AND THE GOLDEN HORN.

To face page 9.

CHAPTER II

CONSTANTINOPLE

THOSE who wish for knowledge of this fascinating capital can obtain it by reading some far worthier description than any I can give. It is sufficient for me to make some passing remarks concerning my impressions of this wonderful city.

The foreigner arriving in Constantinople must at once forget that he is living in the twentieth century, and in order to enjoy the pleasures of this Eastern capital must try and imagine he is living hundreds of years ago, almost in the days of the *Arabian Nights*.

Constantinople is one of the few places in the world about which one cannot expect too much ; I have never heard of any one who was disappointed with it.

It is a common saying about the city that it should be seen from the sea and that the tourist should never land. This is an unpardonable mistake. I hated the noise, the dirt, and the smells, but

loved the city. Notwithstanding all its disadvantages, Constantinople has a certain unknown fascination; when once you have visited it, you nearly always want to return. I have been only too pleased to leave the city on several occasions, and, before many days have passed, a longing to return has possessed me. You may see the city, as you consider, thoroughly in a week, and you will certainly have no idea of it if you live in it a year.

Three towns, not one city, make up Constantinople. First, Stambul, the city of Constantine, standing on the site of ancient Byzantium, and situated between the Sea of Marmara and the Golden Horn; secondly, Galata, on the other side of the Golden Horn and also in Europe, backed by the European quarter of Pera, which towers aloft; and, finally, Scutari, on the opposite side of the Bosphorus, and therefore on the Asiatic coast. The latter city is made picturesque by its numerous cypresses, which grow in the "mizarlik" (or graveyard) through which one drives to reach the picturesque and well-kept British cemetery, which of course dates from the Crimean War.

Galata is joined to Stambul by two antiquated bridges. The Outer, or New Bridge, is the most frequented. Along its sides run a series of landing-stages from which the local steamers for Scutari,

THE BRIDGE, LOOKING TOWARDS GALATA AND PERA.

To face page 11.

the Bosphorus, and the Golden Horn sail. Its centre opens to permit the passage of ships; it is, however, seldom open except at night. The passengers are indeed a study; every species of humanity may be seen, from an Englishman to a Chinaman, and every kind of clothing is in evidence. A toll is levied on all passengers except officials by gentlemen who stand at each end of the bridge dressed in long white coats, and who instinctively suggest umpires at a cricket match. This bridge is essentially a foot-passenger bridge; comparatively few carriages pass across it, except those containing officials or Palace ladies, or persons driving to the railway station. The toll is tenpence for a vehicle for the return journey, which is nearly always payable by the passenger, so that most persons prefer to dismount and walk across the bridge and take another carriage at the opposite end.

The bridge is lined with beggars afflicted with all manner of diseases, which, in Eastern fashion, are advertised to the passer-by in hopes of securing some assistance, which they generally obtain.

The roadway of wood is very rough and uneven. It is said a German firm is to construct a new and modern bridge.

The bridge is, indeed, a magnificent position from which to view a sunset. Looking towards

Scutari, you have lying before your eyes the shipping of every nation in the world floating on that deep blue water, and backed by the dark green cypresses of Asia. Stambul, with a background formed by the deepest of red skies, is rendered more picturesque by countless minarets extending at irregular intervals from the ancient Byzantine walls to the Seraglio Point; and here and there the beauty of the scene is augmented by the ancient aqueduct of Valens.

The Seraglio Point jutting out into the sea where the Marmara, the Bosphorus, and the Golden Horn unite in one, and around which so much history centres, is one of the most magnificent pictures of Constantinople. Above the Point, and farther inland, towers the massive dome of the greatest of Eastern churches, the Mosque of St. Sophia; and in the foreground, running along the water's edge, are the numerous quays of Stambul and the but hardly visible, nevertheless important, railway station.

Looking north, one views Galata and Pera, overshadowed by the ancient Genoese Tower, the Eastern buildings intermingled with fine European structures, including the Imperial Ottoman Bank and the British Embassy.

No place in the world appears so large for its

estimated population of some 1,000,000 persons; nobody dares to estimate the proportion in which the inhabitants may be divided or what that exact population is. You cannot talk of Constantinopolitans as of Londoners or Parisians: they are non-existent. Constantinople is a city of cosmopolitan communities. Both the Greeks and Armenians reckon themselves at 200,000; the Mohammedans are more numerous, and number perhaps 350,000. The remainder are made up of Franks and diverse nations. Stambul and Scutari are the proper Osmanli quarters; at Galata reside many Greeks and Armenians; and in Pera the lordly buildings of the winter quarters of European Embassies loom aloft. It is here, too, the principal European shops are to be seen.

Beyond Pera, again, is the almost separate town of Yildiz Kiosk, where the Imperial Padishah (His Majesty the Sultan) dwells. His habitation is so guarded and separated from the world that it almost forms another city. He never leaves its environs except once a year to proceed to Stambul during the month Ramazan, and once, or possibly twice, to hold an Imperial reception at the Dolmabagcheh Palace, on the Bosphorus.

Constantinople appears to be a home to nobody, and yet every inhabitant loves it; every one who

meets there does so for business or pleasure, and passes on. One half of the population call the other half dogs, and the Christian subjects of the Sultan live in constant terror of the Mohammedans, a terror which is often unhappily exaggerated.

During political complications between the Sublime Porte and any foreign nation or nations the diplomatic representative or representatives remain at their posts, and even when Turkish territory is occupied by their Governments they are not asked to withdraw.

During the occupation of Turkish country by foreign Powers the subjects of the Powers in Constantinople often feel insecure. Whilst the combined fleets were occupying Mitylene in 1905, we were engaged in inspecting the British Embassy from roof to cellar with a view to making arrangements for its defence in case of need. This was certainly most necessary, as the main door only required some little pressure to force it open, and was entirely dependent on one weak lock. Needless to say, this deficiency was renovated. At the same time Europeans were sleeping with ropes from their bedroom windows extending to the garden of the British Embassy.

I stay to quote one other example of what curious circumstances may arise during a diplo-

matic complication with Turkey, and which could hardly come to pass in any other city in the world. When I was in Constantinople, I was anxious to embark on a certain British cruiser at that time actually investing a Turkish port; I therefore telegraphed to the captain of the ship, to whom I held a personal introduction, and to whom I thought my knowledge of the language might be of some service. I hardly expected to be permitted by the Turkish officials to receive an answer as to whether I was to go or not, but in the course of a few hours, thanks to the courtesy of the Turks, I actually received the reply.

Constantinople is a place of excitements. A day never passes without some rumour. The explosion of a bomb in the street, the arrest of a great friend's servant, or something of the kind, lends a dramatic interest to the daily routine of business.

Society in Constantinople is also very cosmopolitan. There are several different small sets, and a regular English colony. I suppose other nations have also a colony. Each set is a separate world. Many people border on two or three sets. Nearly all the Great Powers have some representatives employed by the Turkish Government, and these people naturally figure in the Turkish official world as well as in their own proper colony. Each

set has its own rumour in times of excitement, and all are anxious to know what the latest news is from the other division.

The Constantinople world of society is small; everybody knows everybody else, and what everybody is doing or going to do at any particular moment. It is impossible to tell your plans to a living person unless you wish all Constantinople to know them.

The Press of Constantinople is worthy of some note. There are papers published in nearly every Eastern language, in French, in English, and other European languages. All are subject to the strictest Press censorship. The gentlemen told off as censors cannot often tell the merits of a political article, but they easily recognise forbidden words. Matters hostile to an autocratic Government or in any way revolutionary are forbidden. Nothing is repeated in the papers of events that have taken place in the country, or at any rate the account is so distorted that nobody knowing the facts would recognise it. Descriptions of foreign revolutions are forbidden. When the King and Queen of Servia were murdered, the Press stated they had died.

Foreign papers are also subject to strict censorship —were it not for the foreign post offices, they would

never arrive. I have found the *Times*, with a leading article neatly cut out, on the table of a Pera hotel. It is said, and I can well believe it, that when any matter that would be prohibited in Turkey is published abroad, the representatives of the Sublime Porte telegraph to Constantinople to warn their Government to stop the harmful journal.

Constantinople is a place which reminds one of sadness; the ever visible cypress trees seem to weep, and the very beauty of the place is an appeal for something better. This melancholy effect is increased by the want of colour in the streets, the lack of ladies attired in smart or picturesque gowns, and the numerous veiled ladies whose faces one can never see; even should a Turkish woman have her yashmak raised, she is sure to be very old and ugly. No Turkish ladies of rank ever walk in the streets; they must always drive in closed carriages, and often even the blinds are half drawn down. If pretty, however, the yashmak seems somewhat more transparent, and the ladies appear to long to peep out.

Ladies of high rank are attended as a rule by an imposing looking eunuch, who, when he descends from the box of the carriage to take any order from his mistresses, instead of facing them and looking in at the brougham windows, often stands fronting

the horses, with his ear level with the back of the carriage window, and looking in the opposite direction.

Underground railway and trams alike have a harem compartment in front of which a curtain is drawn. When Turkish women enter the compartment they solemnly draw this curtain and rigorously prevent observation. It must, however, be said of the male Turk that he regards this law as religiously as the woman.

It is unsafe for Christian ladies to walk alone through Stambul unless they know the ways of the place most intimately and talk the Turkish language fluently, and even then they meet with contretemps of a painful nature. European ladies may go out in the main thoroughfares of Pera, but are often subject to a very hard pinch or to being almost knocked down by some Turkish soldier as he passes by. One lady I know broke her umbrella over an adventurous soldier's head in self-defence. It is a well-known fact that a lady accompanied by a child is always safe, as Mohammedans love children.

Constantinople, above all other places, illustrates the extraordinary manner in which merchants dealing in the same articles collect together. There are streets where nothing but beads are made and

sold, others occupied by nothing but watchmakers, others given over to the sale of old jewellery, others to the sale of boots or food.

One of the most interesting of streets is the one in Galata where bacon and pork is alone allowed to be offered for sale (the pig being a forbidden animal to Mohammedans). In this thoroughfare, almost entirely composed of shops for the sale of pig meat, one may see every kind and form of food composed of the unclean nourishment.

The streets are crowded with idle natives who sit on stools outside the cafés, drinking coffee and smoking, and telling stories all day.

You feel in Constantinople that you dwell in a land of idleness; everything except the carriages travels slowly, and they move dangerously fast. After a few drives through the city, you may well understand the meaning of the expression "carriage exercise"; and it is often with the greatest difficulty you retain your seat, and you generally find your neighbour landing on top of you as you bump over the uneven streets. When your driver attempts to pass another vehicle and is unable to do so, owing to not being close enough to the pavement, and is at such close quarters he cannot turn, he descends, and expects you to do the same,

and with an effort the carriage is lifted either closer to or on to the pavement. A collision necessitating your carriage being tied up with string is an everyday occurrence. I have seen a victoria in one place, its wheel lying some yards distant, the driver with the aid of his dim lamp searching elsewhere for the screws to refix it, and the "fares" looking on patiently, or preparing to leave the driver to manage as best he may.

In Constantinople there are three days of rest: one on Friday for Mohammedans, the Jewish Sabbath on Saturday, and the Christian Sunday; therefore the principal days for business are early in the week, which rather upsets the Western mind, as so many things are forbidden or impossible on the three Sundays.

The first night or nights spent in Constantinople are far from peaceful. The dogs bark, and the "bekchi," or night-watchman, taps his iron-pointed stick on the pavement as he marches along. Scarcely a night passes without some big fire, which often destroys many houses, and causes the sleeper to be disturbed by the passing crowd, who shout "Yangin var!" at the top of their voices, as they escort their primitive engine to the scene of action. Let those who complain of the noise of policemen's

iron-clamped boots in England spend one night in this Eastern capital!

If the season of the year be the month of Ramazan, the noise at night will be greater. The rich, who have nothing to do on the morrow, pass the night in feasting and making merry, turning night into day and *vice versa*. The poor, who are compelled to work although the season be the sacred month, retire to bed, and are obliged to rise early to partake of the last meal before sunrise. To awaken them, special men walk about beating drums and singing, and even cannon are fired. There is a continual noise of merriment, which penetrates the quietest regions of Pera, during the whole night.

Constantinople is certainly a city of curious people. Should you have any argument or discussion in the street, a large crowd at once assembles, and all try to assist or impede you. Many divers tongues become audible, and assistance is tendered by persons who have no idea what you may require or what you are trying to obtain, often in a language of which you have no knowledge whatever. Needless to say, the Christian is always held by the crowd to be in the wrong.

The curse of the place is its unknown and unasked-for guides, who offer assistance and conduct

the innocent tourist he hardly knows where, for very small sums of money, hoping for commission on some purchases. Any pretext will suffice for these gentlemen, not a few of whom are spies, to address themselves to you.

The well-known sights of Constantinople need no description here, and volumes are required to do them justice. The Grand Bazaar, a visit to which provides ample occupation and many interests at any time, and for any length of time, is not a place of rapid purchases, and if you wish to obtain your goods at anything like reasonable prices, several days must often be spent before effecting one purchase; and, above all things, pray that on the final day no English or American yacht may have arrived in port to raise your prices. It has often annoyed me, after making what I felt to be an excellent bargain, to find that vendors sprang up from quite unlooked-for places only too anxious to sell a far better article of the same description at a lower price than I had already paid.

It is only fair to say the Turk is the most honest merchant of the bazaars; and, when he realises you know his ways and speak a few words of his tongue, he is as reasonable as any West End dealer. I have been recognised from year to year

A Street in Stambul.

Pigeons in the Court Yard of the Bayezidieh Mosque.

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by these people, and though, according to the customs of the country, there must be considerable bargaining, a reasonable price can finally be fixed.

The glories of the Mosque of St. Sophia are well known to all, either in reality or by hearsay. If, like myself, any of the readers who have never visited Stambul are disappointed with this ancient building when they pay their first visit to the interior, I beg them to form no opinion until they have seen it at least two or three times. I can assure them the magnificence of the architecture must dawn upon them sooner or later.

Those who have visited St. Sophia on the "Night of Power," or 27th night of the month of Ramazan, will consider it one of the most imposing spectacles they have ever seen. Visitors are allowed to look down at the worshippers from the galleries of the Mosque; and it is horrifying to see people calling themselves Christians walking about, making a noise and talking loudly, some gentlemen even wearing their hats, while thousands of pious Mohammedans are earnestly saying their prayers below. The courtyard of the Bayezidiyeh Mosque, with its myriads of pigeons which have come down to be fed, is an interesting sight. There are

men who make it their business in life to sell corn for these birds.

One cannot pass on without making some comment on the magnificence of the visit of His Majesty the Sultan to the Hamidieh Mosque, near Yildiz Kiosk, for the Selamlik, every Friday. During my first visit to the capital in 1905, which was shortly after the attempt on His Majesty's life on his return from the Mosque, nobody was allowed to see the procession unless personally escorted by a member of an Embassy staff to the Diplomatic Saloon provided for the foreign representatives. Spectators are now again allowed to view the ceremony from a terrace opposite the Mosque, if recommended by an Ambassador to whom they are known. The Eastern grandeur, simplicity, and magnificence of the scene vastly surpass all expectation. To those who have only seen the untidy Turkish soldier in the streets, the smart and stately appearance of the troops at Yildiz comes as a surprise. The cheer raised by the troops lining the route as His Majesty goes to and returns from the Mosque is given in the best time I have ever heard, and seems more like a heartfelt groan of respect and veneration than anything I have listened to.

On the 27th night of the month of Ramazan

His Majesty proceeds by torch-light to the Mosque. On this occasion the only persons permitted as spectators are those actually in the Diplomatic Saloon; even these are not allowed to go out on to the terrace attached to the room.

The scene is extremely picturesque; the route, illuminated by countless myriads of various coloured fairy lamps, is every now and then brightened up by a vivid revealing flare-light. Fireworks are now forbidden. The view looking down over the Golden Horn and Stambul, with the numberless minarets and cruisers illuminated for Ramazan, is superb. The Turkish troops in their romantic uniforms are rendered even more picturesque by the hues of the fairy lamps and the reflections of the lanterns.

The Diplomatic Saloon is magnificently furnished in gold and velvet; the visitors are amply provided with most excellent coffee and cigarettes.

I noticed that the Turkish ladies made a point of trying to peep up at the spectators in the Saloon from the windows of their broughams as they passed down the steep incline on their way to evening prayer.

Theatres—there are none worthy of the name. A Summer House in the Petits Champs of Pera and

a theatre in the Grand Rue of Pera compose those usually patronised by Europeans; they are occasionally visited by good French and other European companies, when the price of seats is correspondingly increased, and the charges are often absurdly high. I can hardly say Madame Réjane looked her best in *Zaza* in a bare and ill-furnished house, amidst shaky and dirty scenery.

At Stambul, especially during the month of Ramazan, there are places of entertainment which should be visited: these are of two kinds. First, a more or less European house, in which the actors are Greeks or Armenians; the language is nevertheless probably Turkish: these are visited by the rather better-class Turks, Greeks, and Armenians. Second, the real Turkish theatre, called "Kara Ghuz"; this is, according to our ideas, a sort of Marionette or Punch and Judy show. The Kara Ghuz is worthy of some description. The theatre itself is a very difficult one to find, and almost impossible unless you are attended by some native, as those from whom you ask the way cannot believe a Frank wishes to visit such a resort. The entrance to a dark and mysterious room where the performance takes place is generally through an ordinary café. The hall is filled with Turkish men of every age and many small boys. A dim

light burns, and the place is thick with smoke; every one is seated on stools or benches. A great stir is made at the Frank's arrival, and you are usually, if possible, placed in a conspicuous seat. A low and plaintive note is generally issuing from some Turkish instrument or drum, perhaps accompanied by a little singing. In the corner you notice a mysterious cupboard box from which voices occasionally emerge, and behind which preparations are being made. Finally the curtain rises, and across the front of a sort of Punch and Judy show is stretched a white sheet beyond which a light flickers. Presently two small figures like dolls appear and converse together, very often about some experience through which they have passed, or else describe a love scene. The voices are those of the owners of the show, generally Armenians. The conversation often ends in a fight between the figures, amidst shrieks of laughter from the audience. One evening, when I witnessed a performance, one doll described his visit to London to the other, who had not been there—I imagined for our special benefit. On another, two gentlemen fought for the love of a lady, which they eventually decided to share. The stories told would hardly bear repeating to my readers, and were difficult to understand. I only

hope the lady who was one of the party which I joined understood less Turkish than I did; otherwise she would, or should have been, happier at home.

A Turkish bath in reality is a somewhat different experience from one taken amid the luxuries of the Northumberland Avenue or Jermyn Street establishments. The outside is always recognisable by the dome with its many insertions of glass. This dome is attached to many well-to-do Turkish houses; and in fact every Turk of any position has a "hammam" (bath) in connection with his residence.

The public bath generally has its entrance down a few mysterious steps. On the arrival of an Englishman, all the available attendants rush to his assistance, to remove his shoes, etc. This is done in the common dressing-room. The intending bather then proceeds upstairs to a more dignified apartment, which is small, and generally leads off a gallery. This room is furnished with two or three dreadful and terrifying beds, which look extremely dirty. A curious atmosphere pervades the building. Here all clothes are left, and a most dangerous descent on high wooden clogs begins. Before entering the large hot room, you generally pass through a smaller one, where some bathers rest and

partially cool on the way out of the bath. The so-called hot room is situated beneath the dome I have spoken of. It is square in character, and is, like the small cupboard rooms leading off it, provided with hot-water taps. The air is damper and the room far cooler than in a Turkish bath in London. It is the greatest difficulty to perspire according to the English idea of a Turkish bath, and if, after many most dangerous races round the room, at length you are successful, you are very lucky. The Turk merely requires a warm room in which to wash, and generally does his own shampooing. You have the utmost difficulty in persuading the attendants that the Englishman does not want to be soaped till he is ready to leave the hot rooms; and on no account are you allowed to lie down.

The cost of a Turkish bath varies according to the supposed position of the bather, and is a matter of bargaining. A European should pay about a franc including tips, but he will probably pay a franc with tips besides.

It is wise to take a towel, and you will enjoy greater comfort if you provide yourself with a pair of bedroom slippers.

As I mentioned before, many of the Great Powers of Europe have their own post offices in the Otto-

man Dominions. I believe Great Britain has at present only two in European Turkey—that in Constantinople, and the one at Salonika. The British post office at Constantinople was, I understand, opened about the middle of the last century; that at Salonika has only been established within the last few years.

The mail-bags, on arrival from Western Europe, pass through the hands of the Turkish officials, and are handed over intact to the postmaster of the foreign post office; the outward mails proceed in the same manner.

The British post office does not deliver letters at Constantinople. They have to be called for by their respective owners or by messengers despatched from the Embassies, or hotels, for that purpose. British stamps are used, surcharged with a Turkish sum equivalent to the value of these English stamps. There is no local post in the capital, or at least none which delivers letters with any certainty, and therefore all notes in the town must be delivered by messenger. The foreign post offices are not available for telegrams, which must be handed in at the ordinary Turkish offices, and a receipt carefully obtained; otherwise they would never be delivered. I have sent telegrams from Constantinople which have never

arrived; I suppose because I forgot to take a receipt.

The Austrian Government possesses many more post offices than the other foreign Powers, and I have often found an Austrian office in towns in the interior of Turkey.

There is no system of electric trams in Constantinople, nor does the city as a city boast of electric light; both are forbidden. The horse-trams are extremely bad. One or two important buildings are illuminated with electric light, including the Pera Palace and Summer Palace (Therapia) Hotels and the British Hospital at Galata; but each of these establishments is obliged to manufacture its own light on the premises. There is no telephone service in Turkey, and when residents who live in Constantinople discover to what extent this invention is used in the Western cities they are possessed by a great astonishment.

I am not seeking here to produce a guide-book, hence I will pass over the hotels with but a brief word or two. There can be no second opinion that the Pera Palace Hotel is by far the largest and the best in Constantinople. The prices are correspondingly high. The house is of modern plan, and constructed according to modern ideas, with plenty of good bathrooms. The cooking and food,

though in French style, were not perhaps quite consistent with English ideas of a hotel cuisine when I stayed there. The hotel has many features unusual in the East.

Let me now describe what are undoubtedly less modern buildings but which, with equal certainty, are comfortable hotels. I refer to the three hotels which are all under one management, namely, the Bristol, Londres, and Angleterre. These three are clean, respectable, and comfortable. I have spent weeks on more than one occasion at the Hotel Royal and Angleterre, and cannot overpraise it. At the same time, I must beg my readers not to hope for too much, and to be content with a lamp or candles in their room, and to expect some difficulty in obtaining a bath—I personally used my own camp bath.

Finally, all the hotels of Pera patronised by Englishmen are within a few minutes' walk of one another. The situation of the Angleterre is excellent, and many of its rooms look over the garden of the British Embassy, and are therefore comparatively quiet at night. Others command the most exquisite views of the Golden Horn and Stambul.

There are few restaurants as we use the title in London. One or two second-class establishments adorn Pera. There is a passable

one, called Tokatlian's, in the Grand Rue de Pera, with a branch in the Grand Bazaar of Stambul. At this branch one can obtain a French luncheon with some Turkish dishes thrown in. This is the greatest convenience to European tourists, especially when their visit to Constantinople is of but a few days' duration.

Pera is provided with two excellent and most comfortable clubs. The more fashionable of these is the Cercle d'Orient, to which all Diplomatists belong. The other is the Club de Constantinople, which all Consular and many other officials and residents affect. One finds there at lunch-time Consular officials, business representatives of great firms, and correspondents of the greatest European newspapers and news agencies. These gentlemen are seated each at his own national table, which is like a little separate mess, and to which the more lucky tourist is probably introduced if he happens to have the acquaintance of any members of the Club. A visitor can be made a temporary member of each of these clubs for a fortnight, and after that can subscribe to the Constantinople Club by the month.

Funerals in Constantinople are terrible events. Eastern Christians are carried through the streets or driven in hearses. The procession is a mournful

one. The lid of the coffin is generally carried at its head; the priests accompanying it chant in a wailing tone as they proceed. The face of the deceased is fully exposed, and a book is often resting in his hands. The coffin is, indeed, carried at such an angle that one has a full view of the dead man's features. I have, however, witnessed a similar scene in Bulgaria at a grand funeral, in which an open hearse was used.

A Turkish funeral is less affecting to the nerves, but more extraordinary. The coffin is closed for transport to the cemetery, but I believe the body is removed before burial and committed direct to the earth. It is a pious act for a Mohammedan to help carry a dead body to the grave. The bearers therefore constantly change, in order that as large a number as possible may obtain the benefit derived from this worthy act. I have noticed smart Mohammedan men who have accidentally met a funeral reverently join the procession and assist to carry the coffin a few yards, afterwards resuming their own journey. After the ceremony the Imam is said to remain behind at the grave, to tell the deceased what he shall answer when questioned by the angels who are believed to come to examine him. I am unable to vouch for the truth of this, as Eyub, the principal cemetery, is a particularly

sacred place, and I have never been able to approach the scene of interment. The graves of men are distinguished by a tombstone surmounted with a turban in stone; those of the women have a plainer tombstone.

Constantinople—with its mysteries, with its quaint suggestive sadness, with its dramatic interests and with its picturesque dirt—is a city to which the traveller ever returns with quickened interest. He never wearies of it, its beauties, its symbolisms, and its strange, almost weird contrasts.

CHAPTER III

THE DOGS OF CONSTANTINOPLE

THE streets of Constantinople and of the other towns of the Ottoman Empire are inhabited by legions of straying dogs. These animals are far from being savage. Remarkably intelligent, they adapt themselves readily to circumstances — to guard the herds or to watch the houses, to accept the pleasures of a pet, and to defend their masters against brigands even unto death.

The dogs which patrol the streets of Constantinople constitute a race by themselves, and have an appearance something between a jackal and a wolf. Their colours vary from almost black to the lightest shades of yellow and grey. They recognise strangers rapidly, and sometimes do not welcome them kindly in the out-of-the-way streets inhabited solely by Mohammedans. One is often greeted by the voices of many dogs in the back streets of Stambul, but when these sagacious animals find you are not seeking to hurt or disturb them, they become

A Street Pack.

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quiet. Dogs have inhabited the streets for centuries.

It is said that the Sultan, Mahmoud II., who reigned in the early part of the nineteenth century and was a great reformer, attempted to banish these animals to the Princes' Islands, in the Sea of Marmara, but was unable to succeed. The number of dogs in the streets has, however, decreased lately.

These dogs are governed by unwritten laws, which they obey to the letter. Each locality has its own inhabitants. Each street has its own subdivisions. The dogs living in the same locality are attached to one another by the bonds of relationship and friendliness. A family of dogs belonging to one portion of a street is not permitted to leave its own section. It is said, however, that one pack of dogs is sometimes allowed unmolested passage through the kingdom of another pack for drinking purposes, if their own section of the street contains no water. I am not able to personally testify to this, but, judging by the wisdom which these animals always display, I think its truth is more than probable.

The parties vary in their numbers from two or three up to twelve or fifteen; the lengths of street occupied by a pack which controls both sides of the road also vary, but are generally something

between 50 and 150 yards. Each party selects a leader, who is always the strongest and finest of the group; his coveted position has generally been obtained by his personal strength. This dog retains his post indefinitely, or until an accident befalls him, and some jealous companion, for the moment possessed of greater strength, seizes the much-longed-for opportunity, and deposes his sick chieftain from his exalted position. When the king dog is ill, or meets with an accident, his neighbours become more bold, and often take the liberty of slightly encroaching on his domain.

On the king dog the whole pack depend. All obey his orders. I have observed the dogs of a pack quietly watch a strange dog approach their domain, and even enter it. No action is generally taken until the ruling dog discovers this audacious movement, but on his approach the intruder either beats a retreat or is attacked by the king dog, who is then assisted by his subjects. The beaten dog shows his submission by lying on his back, his tail between his legs curled over on to the stomach, his head lowered, and his tongue hanging out of his mouth. On seeing this sign, the victor allows his enemy to depart and return to his own pack.

Nearly every pack possesses a specially weak,

thin dog. This animal, who is generally very timid and retiring, often appears nervous even when special and kindly advances are made towards him. I have noticed that the colour of this creature is generally either a very light grey or yellow, and is in shade one of the lightest in the pack. He usually associates little with the remainder of the pack, and leads an almost solitary life.

The dogs who dwell in a quarter try to be on good terms with the human inhabitants, although they are often more or less maltreated by them, especially by the Christians, who are not so considerate to these animals as the Moslems.

Dogs are found in all the streets of Constantinople, the more fortunate ones residing in Pera and the richer quarters of the city, as in those localities a better living can be obtained. The people are generally kind to these street inhabitants, and often take them food. Especial care is taken of females in charge of their puppies, and I have often noticed a newly born litter immediately provided with a large hamper or box, which is placed on the pavement in the most convenient place for the accommodation of the mother, who is generally given plenty of food by the same benefactor. Saucers of milk and bundles of straw are often brought out to these dumb creatures.

These animals are obliged to trust for their livelihood to the kindness of their human friends, and to what they may be able to pick up from the refuse thrown into the street every evening, ready for the dustman in the morning. The dogs have their human enemies, whom they always recognise, and greet with an uproar of barking. These human scavengers deprive the dumb street animals of some of what they consider their legitimate spoil by seizing pickings from the dust-heaps for their own use with the aid of a pointed stick. When a terrific howling after dark begins, you may feel almost sure some canine enemy is near, especially if it is taken up by one pack after another. I have often walked through the streets in the daytime and noticed the successive packs bark at some particular person, who was almost certainly one of their night opponents.

During the day the packs of dogs sleep soundly on the pavements and in the streets, the passers-by and carriage-drivers taking care not to disturb them ; but, unfortunately for the European visitors, the night is the time of noise and fighting, and, should the tourist happen to be a bad sleeper, there is little rest obtained during the first few nights of residence in Pera.

The dogs soon recognise their friends and

benefactors, and anxiously await any welcome gift of food or scraps. My local pack was accustomed to be fed from the hotel balcony, and on the appearance of anybody at the window would rush beneath it, anxiously awaiting the meal of bread, some pieces of which they would cleverly catch.

The Mohammedans are particularly kind to the half-grown animals, and I have watched the street policeman pick up and collect bits from our balcony to give to these small and pitiful people, and they often deny themselves part of their only but too small dinner to provide something for these semi-babies.

The dogs are particularly clever. One friend of mine, who lived alone and did not associate with his pack, would meet me at the end of his beat and conduct me to a cake-stall which was included in his domain, and was not content until a purchase had been made on his account. This gentleman, needless to say, was fat and healthy, as many passers-by acceded to his demands.

The animals are weather prophets, too, and generally howl before a big storm. I well remember one night after dinner the whole of the dogs so far as one could hear, setting up a continuous howl, which may have lasted two or three minutes. About ten minutes later, a violent hurricane began; windows

were forced open, shutters broken, lamps destroyed, and trees blown down.

The dogs are particularly grateful to those who attend to their ailments. The king of the pack in whose domain I lived received a serious wound in a fight; I arranged to get his leg bound up, and assisted at the operation, and the animal always seemed grateful afterwards whenever I met him.

A well-known man in Pera told me he had been escorted home from dinner by dogs; the king of each pack in turn accompanied him through his domain, and handed him over to his neighbour at his boundary, as, of course, to pass his well-defined limit was forbidden to any chieftain however strong.

Although many of the Pera dogs look well and healthy, there are also many animals who exist in a terrible condition throughout the city, as it is not permissible to kill any dog, and they must therefore endure their misery until death provides them with a happy release. The most prevalent and unpleasant disease is mange; its victims present a sorry and disgusting appearance. Dogs victimised by accident are often met limping in the streets; their deformed legs suggest that they have been run over by a tram or carriage. One occasionally, too, comes across a dead dog in the

streets, and often the corpses of small puppies, but these are soon removed by the authorities.

The street dogs are said to be on the decrease. This will certainly add to the comfort of a walk in Constantinople, and will render sleep more peaceful; it will, however, deprive the capital of some of its most useful scavengers.

The life of a pet dog in Constantinople is unsafe, and he cannot proceed out alone, but must always be attended by his master, who generally leads or carries him, and is provided with a large stick or whip to chase away the enraged crowd, who howl lustily and angrily, thus warning the neighbouring packs. A dog living in Constantinople may, however, walk out alone in his own street after he once becomes known, and may even leave his street unmolested to proceed to some particular destination when accompanied by his master, provided he is known to be a constant passer-by on the particular route. I know dogs who proceed out alone in their own street, and can walk in safety with their master to a neighbouring garden distant one or two streets from their home.

Another special enemy of the street dog is the travelling bear, who constantly passes through the streets led by his gipsy owner. The dogs always greet these intruders with howls. These street

animals are said also to resent the appearance of camels, but this I have not personally ever been able to observe.

The village dogs in the interior are much of the same description as the Constantinople animals; they are unfriendly to strangers, and always bark on the approach of a caravan. It is extremely dangerous to approach them or to dismount until their owner or the "head man" of the village arrives. These animals in the interior are held by their human friends to be even more sacred than those in the big cities, and therefore to inflict any damage on a dog, even if attacked by him, would be a serious crime, and would certainly lead to considerable trouble.

CHAPTER IV

Defences of Constantinople

I

THE LAND DEFENCES AND THE BOSPHORUS FORTS

As I have personally been over most of the ground described below, I have, before attempting to indite this chapter, had to consider how much or how little of my knowledge I have a right to impart to the public. If any of my descriptions in this chapter appear somewhat disjointed and confused, I hope the reader will bear with me, and remember that I am not at liberty to disclose all my knowledge, my reasons for obtaining it, and the incidents connected with my expeditions to obtain it. Had I been at liberty to describe all these details, I think that this account would have been clothed with tenfold its present interest.

The position of Constantinople, covering the great land route between Europe and Asia, as well as between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean,

renders its possession a prize which is and always has been the object of many aspirations. The reigning monarch at Constantinople can and could in the past control these two great thoroughfares, and therefore took precautions from the earliest times to defend his capital.

In the year 196 A.D., Constantinople was captured by Severus after a three years' siege; this monarch rebuilt the city walls, which in those days only enclosed a very small portion of the present Stambul.

The walls built by the Emperor Constantine in about 320 A.D. further enlarged the city, and ran across the promontory nearly two miles west of the older walls of Byzantium.

The Emperor Theodosius II., in about the year 413 A.D., again enlarged the defences of Constantinople, and the city had for its boundary much the same line as that laid down by the magnificent and picturesque line of fortifications which are still to be seen running from the Golden Horn to Yedi Kuleh, on the Sea of Marmara. Later additions to the old walls added strength rather than area to the city.

The Emperor Anastasius is believed to have built the great defensive wall in about the year 500 A.D. from Silivri, on the Sea of Marmara, to

PART OF THE WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE RUINED WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

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Lake Derkos, on the Black Sea, to protect the capital from attacks by barbarians.

The history of Constantinople holds almost the record for its sieges,—it has been the scene of many attacks, some successful and some unsuccessful.

The Osmanli Turks besieged the city in 1398 and in 1422, finally storming the walls in May 1453. Thenceforward Constantinople became the starting-point of invasion, and the power of the Turks in Europe steadily increased, until their defeat before the walls of Vienna in 1683.

From that period until the present day the power of the Turks in Europe has declined. Constantinople has been threatened on many occasions. These threats have been the subject of study by many historians. It has been, the world knows, the centre of much of the intrigue and diplomacy of Western statecraft for many a decade.

The modern defences of Constantinople are divided into three main groups—

1. The Land Defences.

2. The Bosphorus Forts.

3. The Defences of the Dardanelles, including the Bulair Lines.

First, let us review the Land Defences of the capital. Constantinople is situated on a peninsula

some 25 miles wide, which runs in nearly a westerly direction from the town for a distance of 35 miles, and gradually widens out until it unites with the mainland, some 45 miles from the city.

This geographical position only renders land defences necessary on one side. These land defences are divided into two sections :—

(1) The Constantinople Lines, which are composed of an inner and outer line of earthen forts, extend from the village of Makri Keui, situated on the Sea of Marmara, about 2½ miles west of the ancient city walls, to Buyukdere, on the Bosphorus, about 10 or 12 miles from Constantinople. These forts are said to be out of repair and unarmed, and no garrison is allotted to them.

(2) The Chatalja Lines, situated some 25 miles west of the city, extend across the isthmus, and form the principal land defences. The front is narrowed by an inlet of the Sea of Marmara on the south, and by a lake called Derkos Gôl on the north, leaving a distance of some 15 or 16 miles to be defended by forts. This line of defence was begun in 1877, when the Russian Army was advancing on Constantinople. The natural position lends itself to the effective defence of the capital; and, as its flanks rest on the sea or on these impassable lakes, they cannot be turned. The forts have been con-

structed on a ridge of hills some 500 feet above the sea, flanked by the two lakes mentioned above, and with a small stream locally known as the Kara Su running south-east across almost their entire front. The forts are built in two and sometimes three lines, planned to cover all the ground and guard against any enemy's advance. The lines if properly manned would be almost impregnable. The guns are either mounted in the forts or are stored ready for mounting at a moment's notice. There are at least eight battalions of fortress artillery, making up a total of some 2400 men, quartered in the forts. These garrisons could be easily increased by some of the numerous soldiers permanently in the capital or its immediate neighbourhood; and, as long as the Sea of Marmara is held by its sea defences, numberless troops can be brought from Asia Minor to reinforce these land defences.

Now let us turn to the sea defences of Constantinople, which are divided into the fortifications of the Bosphorus on the north, and of the Dardanelles on the south-west. These defences not only protect the capital from attack and from final capture, but they also protect the Sea of Marmara. This protection would actually enable the Turks to convey troops and provisions from Asia Minor to Turkey in Europe in case of necessity.

The dimensions of the Sea of Marmara may not be clearly known to my readers, so I will give them here. The approximate length, measured diagonally from the Bosphorus to Gallipoli, at the eastern entrance to the Dardanelles, is 130 miles; the width is about 40 miles at the widest part.

The most important town on the European coast is Rodosto, and on the Asiatic side Mudania, the port of Brusa. This Sea contains several islands, the largest of which is called Marmara.

Out of the Sea of Marmara opens the Gulf of Ismid, along the shores of which the Anatolian Railway wends its way, and at the head of which lies the important town of Ismid.

The modern fortifications of the Bosphorus have been mainly constructed as a defence from the Russian Fleet, no other State bordering on the Black Sea having an important fleet at present.

The length of the Bosphorus from the Seraglio Point at Constantinople to the mouth of the Black Sea is about 19 miles. The breadth varies from 750 yards (about half the width of the Solent opposite Hurst Castle), just above Rumili Hissar, to a little over two miles at Buyukdere Bay. The Bosphorus resembles a winding river, and as you

proceed up or down it, you would never imagine it was aught but a long narrow bay. Often no outlet is visible until you suddenly round a corner and have another expanse before you. The current sets from the Black Sea to the Sea of Marmara with an average speed of 2½ miles per hour; opposite Rumili Hissar, however, a speed of 5 miles per hour is sometimes attained. The winds are changeable, and at times blow in one direction at one end of the Bosphorus and in another direction at the other end. The surface of the Bosphorus is rarely frozen over; only seventeen instances have been known, the last being in February 1755.

It is just above Rumili Hissar that the celebrated bridge was probably built by Mandrokles of Samos; and, if Europe is ever joined to Asia by any artificial highway, it will possibly be somewhere here that the bridge will be built.

I will not stay to describe here the miraculous wonders of the Bosphorus, with its shores covered with picturesque wooden houses intermingled with fine and stately palaces. Both shores are thickly populated, and are practically bordered with one continuous town or collection of villages as far as Buyukdere on the European coast and Beikos on the Asiatic; thence to the entrance to the Black Sea the shores are less closely built over.

Almost throughout the length of the Bosphorus, both shores rise practically from the water's edge. In places the coast ascends to little more than low hills, but at others the elevation reaches hundreds of feet, the highest levels being attained on the borders of the northern end. Many small valleys intersect these hills and open on to the sea. Countless small bays are suddenly before your eyes as you proceed up this water highway.

Owing to the fresh breezes that always come down from the Black Sea, the shores of the Bosphorus have become a fashionable locality for the European residents from Pera during the hot weather, and the Embassies have summer quarters at Yeni Keui, Therapia, or Buyukdere.

Therapia, too, boasts of European hotels at which the Embassy official or pleasure-seeking tourist may enjoy the greatest comfort amid the most beautiful surroundings. The Bosphorus is indeed a beautiful sight when the fog of early morning lifts and discloses a fleet of vessels of all descriptions: some are provided with picturesque coloured sails, some are hideous oil tanks, but all are moving down on that deep blue water backed by the wooded hills and eastern sunrise. A large number of ships are always proceeding south just after dawn, having been obliged to await that hour

RUINS OF ANADOLI HISSAR CASTLE.

RUINS OF RUMILI HISSAR CASTLE.

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before they are allowed to pass the northern entrance of the Bosphorus at Kavak.

In the earliest days of the history of Constantinople its rulers seem to have relied chiefly on the sea walls of the city for their defence.

About half-way up the Bosphorus, opposite to Rumili Hissar, Bayezid built a castle at Anadoli Hissar, probably in 1400; this fort is said to have been completed in three months, and was armed with enormous guns which threw stone shot. In 1452 Muhammad II. also realised the importance of a stronghold on the Bosphorus, and he erected the structure the ruins of which still exist at Rumili Hissar. By the construction of these two castles the Turks gained complete control of the Bosphorus, although Constantinople had not then been captured by them, and they at once levied a toll on all ships passing up and down the water highway.

Farther north and near the Black Sea, at Rumili Kavak, on the European coast, are the ruins of a castle built by Murad IV. in 1628. This castle stood on the site of a more ancient Byzantine fort. Opposite, on the Asiatic coast, stands an ancient castle called Yoros Kalessi, or Genoese Castle, also of Byzantine origin. From each of these castles a wall ran down to the sea, and a mole stuck out

into the water, thereby lessening the width of the Channel. In times of danger the two moles were united by a chain. The width of the Straits is here about 1100 yards, or 300 yards less than the Solent at Hurst Castle.

At Karibjeh Point a fort was built in 1773. Another fort was erected near Yeni Mohallé in 1783.

The modern defences of the Bosphorus consist of forts situated at the northern end of the Channel, and are principally built between Buyukdere and the Black Sea on the European coast and Beikos and the Black Sea on the Asiatic side.

The forts are extremely well hidden; many are so disguised that you might pass up the Bosphorus without perceiving them. Some are situated close to the water's edge, and some on the slopes of the hills. The forts are so arranged as to cover the various straight reaches of the Channel, and ships could be fired upon alike before they reach the forts, as they pass and after they had passed.

Much work has lately been done on the defences of the Bosphorus, and their strength has been greatly increased by the addition of modern Krupp guns. These improvements have principally been carried out since the Russo-Japanese War. When Russia is weak and unable to protest, Turkey

seizes the opportunity of strengthening her defences.

Any fleet attempting to pass the forts would inevitably sacrifice a large number of its ships, even if in the long-run it was successful. Owing to its narrowness and the rate at which the current runs and the diverse winds, a course through the Bosphorus is a very difficult one to steer; and, even were there no forts at all, it is extremely doubtful if navigators possessing no knowledge of the Channel could pass safely through at night.

The Bosphorus is said to be provided with submarine mines; searchlights no doubt exist, and the two shores are connected with submarine telegraph cables.

It would be perfectly possible, in time of war, to close the Bosphorus at its northern end, where its width is only 1100 yards; with a boom this has very likely been provided for.

On the European coast it would be difficult to take the forts in rear, owing to their protection by the Chatalja Lines. The best landing-place inside these lines is Kelia Bay, which has, I believe, been provided with a fort to guard the main defences from any attack in rear, and anyhow forms a look-out station.

On the Asiatic coast, on the other hand, it

might be possible to land troops at or near Riva on the Black Sea, or elsewhere, and march to the high ground lying at the back of the forts of the Bosphorus.

A road in fairly good condition runs from Riva to Beikos, and would assist an enemy from this direction, and enable him to get his guns on to the high ground in rear of the forts, if a landing were effected as a surprise. A victorious enemy advancing along the northern roads of Asia Minor, through Kastamouni, Boli and Ada-Bazaar, and thence by the Anatolian Railway, might detrain in the vicinity of Pendik, and advance to the high ground overlooking these forts, or might shell the capital from the rear of Scutari. Constantinople once in the hands of an enemy, the Bosphorus forts would probably surrender.

II

THE DARDANELLES

The Southern, or, more correctly, Western Defences of Constantinople and the Sea of Marmara, which guard against the attack of any maritime Power from the Mediterranean, are the forts situated on the Dardanelles. As long as these forts and the

COAST NEAR RIVA WHERE A LANDING MIGHT BE MADE.

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passage of the Dardanelles are impregnable from the south-west, the Turkish Government can bring troops from Asia Minor and land them at Rodosto or other places, or a Germanic ally of the Sultan could pour his troops into Asia Minor, a point which, when the Bagdad and Mecca railways become a more important factor in the politics of the Near East, will not be without its significance. As long as the forts of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus remain impregnable, so long will Constantinople be secure from any naval attack from Western Europe.

The north-eastern end of the Straits of the Dardanelles is distant from Constantinople about 130 miles. The length of the Straits (which are winding and extremely difficult to navigate, especially in the dark) is some 33 miles; the breadth varies from about 1300 yards (less than the width of the Needles' entrance to the Solent at its narrowest point), between the towns of Chanak on the Asiatic coast and Kilid Bahr on the European shore, to 4 miles or 5 miles shortly after the entrance to the Straits from the Ægean Sea. The average width of the Straits is two or three miles. The depth in mid-channel is 25 to 55 fathoms, and a strong current runs from the Marmara towards the Mediterranean; its average speed is 1½ knots, but during

northerly winds it has been known to run 5 knots per hour between Chanak and Kilid Bahr.

The Straits are bounded on the north-west by the Peninsula of Gallipoli, and on the south-east by the Mainland of Asia Minor.

The Peninsula of Gallipoli is a long narrow tongue of land, some 35 miles in length and some 2½ miles across, north-east of Gallipoli, widening out only to narrow again to about 4 miles in rear of the town of Maitos. The north-western shores, on the opposite side to the Dardanelles, are washed by the Gulf of Xeros and the Ægean Sea.

The hills rise precipitously in many places sheer up from the water's edge, reaching an altitude of some hundreds of feet, and present a rocky, barren, uninhabited appearance. The roads are bad, and scarcely any communication by land is possible, nearly everybody travelling from place to place by sea.

There are but few villages worthy of the name, all being small and scattered. The hills are intersected by many small streams which drain these heights towards the sea in both directions.

The most important town on the Peninsula is Gallipoli, at the north-eastern entrance to the Dardanelles. The town is essentially Turkish, and was the first to fall into the hands of the

PART OF THE TOWN OF GALLIPOLI.

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Osmanlis in 1357 A.D. An interesting British cemetery still remains at Gallipoli, which is kept in order by an English Government grant. This town was occupied by the English and French as a preliminary to the Crimean War, and the British Fleet was anchored off it during the closing scenes of the Russo-Turkish War.

The only other towns of any importance on the European side are Maitos and Kilid Bahr, lying much lower down the Peninsula, the latter named place being situated at the narrowest part of the passage. Both these would be practically unknown and neglected were it not for the strategic value of the country surrounding them.

Nearly the whole of the country in the rear of Maitos consists of hills which attain a height of 600 or 700 feet above the sea. These hills are intersected by small rocky valleys with steep, almost precipitous sides, up which I have had at times to crawl on hands and knees. The country, and especially these valleys, is for the most part one mass of scrub about 2 feet high, which is very prickly and tears one's boots and clothes and body, and walking is thus a matter of the utmost difficulty. The hills immediately in rear of Kilid Bahr are prettily wooded, the trees extending almost to the seashore.

The western shore of the Peninsula, immediately north and south of Gaba Tepé Promontory, is low and sandy; for a few miles in each direction the shore shelves down very gently. There is not much game on these hills, and at the present time it is difficult to organise shooting expeditions, as strangers moving on the Peninsula are greatly suspected.

On the hill above Ak Bashi Bay, and on the ancient site of Sestos, are the ruins of an old castle; and it was here that Sulieman Pasha first planted the standard of the Crescent in Europe in the year 1356.

Muhammad II., the Conqueror, built a fort at about 1455 at Kilid Bahr, which was armed with brass guns throwing large stone shot.

Muhammad IV. built a castle at Seddul-Bahr in 1659 to defend the south-western entrance to the Channel.

The modern forts may practically be divided into three sections :—

1. Those above the narrows and lying to the north of Maitos, built to face up the Channel towards Gallipoli and down towards Chanak, are mostly situated on the hills high above the water's edge.

2. Those in rear of Kilid Bahr, where the hills

literally bristle with warlike defences, some on the water's edge and some on the hills are well hidden by the trees. The exact armaments and strength of garrisons are not accurately known. These forts defend the narrows and sweep them with fire in all directions. One of the most important of these forts lies south-west of Kilid Bahr, and partly owes its great strength to its height above the sea and its field of fire, and the consequent difficulty there is of damaging it from the water.

These forts are nearly all dominated from the higher hills behind them; many are open-backed, and could be menaced by a force occupying this vantage ground.

It would be of great assistance to a fleet attempting to force a passage if a small force were landed on the north-western shore near Gaba Tepé, and seized these hills in rear of the forts. This landing would be a matter of the utmost difficulty, and unless it came as a complete surprise it would probably be strongly opposed, which would render a landing and any advance to the hills quite impossible. A force once gaining these hills could cut off the water supply of many of the forts, which they obtain through pipes from the hills in rear, and would also greatly lessen the effect of the fire from their guns towards the

Straits. A landing would, however, be rendered specially difficult by the small fort or look-out station situated on Gaba Tepé. This idea of attacking the forts in rear (the distance across the Peninsula only being some four miles) is somewhat the same as if an enemy, desiring to pass up the Needles, in order to weaken the effects of the forts built on the Isle of Wight opposite Hurst Castle, landed a force under St. Catherine's Point, near Freshwater, in the Island, in order to threaten the Needles' forts in rear and to distract their attention from ships trying to run up the narrows with the object of destroying Portsmouth Dockyard.

Of course, another way of hampering the forts and rendering their fire ineffective would be for a few ships to lie on the west of the Peninsula and attempt to shell the forts in the rear and cause a diversion. But it is doubtful whether such a method would be anything more than a waste of ammunition, and would prove a danger to the ships trying to pass up the Channel, as many of the forts to be shelled are close to the sea, or immediately above the shore.

3. These forts defend the outer entrance to the Channel, but are comparatively unimportant; they are, however, connected by telegraph with Kilid Bahr.

The Peninsula of Gallipoli is defended from

attack by land from the direction of Adrianople by a series of works known as the Bulair Lines running across it, about five miles above the town of Gallipoli. These lines were built in 1856, but, although they have been more or less kept up, no work has been done on them quite recently.

There is a great contrast between the two shores of the Dardanelles. The Asiatic coast is for the most part lower, and the appearance of the country is greener and more fertile. Communication by land is also bad, but a passable road connects Lamsaki (just opposite Gallipoli) with Chanak, and runs on down the coast.

The only place of any importance on the Asiatic shore is Chanak, situated opposite to Kilid Bahr and united with it by submarine telegraph. The population of the town is estimated at about 10,000, and includes many Greeks, Armenians, and Jews. Chanak is prettily situated on the water's edge; most of the houses open towards the street on one side, and have a landing-stage from the water on the other. There is an anchorage for ships both above and below the town; here vessels are compelled to arrest their voyage and show their papers, as well as to await sunrise, before passing through, as no ships are allowed to proceed at night. Communication with the

outer world is therefore easy, as several ships bound for Constantinople or Smyrna are sure to stop at this town every day.

Most of the foreign Powers have representatives at Chanak to watch the interests of their respective shipping trades and to report any improvements made in the defence schemes of the Straits.

At the mouth of the river Rhodius, which enters the sea near the town of Chanak, is an old fort with modern guns. A fort was also built about 1659 to defend the entrance to the Channel at the south-western end.

The Asiatic coast is also guarded by modern forts, principally situated near the water's edge. Some are above Chanak, near Cape Nagara; some are at Chanak; and some are below the town, and some near the mouth of the Channel. To menace the Asiatic forts from the rear would be far more dangerous than to threaten those on the European shore, as the distance to be marched by the force landed on the coast would be greater than that in the Gallipoli Peninsula.

The exact strength of the forts of the Dardanelles is an unknown quantity, both in numbers and in quality; their strength is probably far greater than is estimated by Europeans, and the garrisons of the forts may even be officered by foreigners.

Any stranger at Chanak or on the Peninsula of Gallipoli is regarded with the utmost suspicion, and it is extremely difficult to move about unobserved by the Turkish authorities or the representatives of foreign Powers, who are almost as inquisitive as the Turks themselves.

Any passage of the Dardanelles by a fleet under fire from the forts must be attended by enormous losses, even if its object is finally gained, the probability of which I very much doubt.

The difficulty of navigating a ship through the Straits is demonstrated by the number and frequency of wrecks. One can hardly move there without noting the remains of some forlorn hulk that the best salvage steamers have been unable to rescue. What if this natural danger had associated with it a remorseless fire?

If the wind should blow from the north-east, which increases the difficulties of navigation and the rate at which the current runs, the task of passing the Straits becomes even more complex, and would be tenfold more dangerous under a perfect storm of artillery fire.

The defences of the Dardanelles are of the utmost importance from an international point of view; they govern, or should largely influence, the whole Near Eastern Question. It is by these

forts alone that Constantinople, the hub of the Turkish Empire, is protected from a naval attack or demonstration on the part of the Western Powers. This question should influence England in her policy more than any country in Europe. Her Government should realise that it is by naval demonstration or attack alone that she can really coerce the Turkish Government. She cannot rely on providing an army, or part of one, to enforce her policy upon the Turks. Those who talk of coercing His Majesty the Sultan should remember that this monarch is one of the cleverest and most astute of the world's diplomatists; and when he fails in the arena of diplomacy, and at last refuses to brook further interference, then the demonstrating Powers must either carry their threats into execution or ignominiously withdraw them. The latter course would probably be the wiser of the two. The politicians of England should remember that though her fleet may occupy the islands of Mitylene, Chios, Samos, and Rhodes, her ships cannot ascend the passes of the Rhodope Balkans, or penetrate the mountains of Macedonia,—or probably even force the passage of the Dardanelles.

Let England remember that should she occupy Smyrna, she is obstructing the trade of English

merchants, and is doing her own countrymen as much harm as, and probably far more than, the Turks. Of the exports from Smyrna, valued at least at four and a half millions, more than one-half are sent to Great Britain; whilst of the imports, valued at three millions per year, Great Britain actually supplies over thirty per cent.

Should the combined Great Powers decide to coerce the Turkish Government by preventing a landing of Mohammedan pilgrims on their way to Mecca, it would be well for the English people to remember that this movement might affect the whole of the Mohammedan subjects of the British Empire.

I am not suggesting that those men having any power or authority in the matter have ever meditated moving against the Turkish Government by either of the last-named methods, but I am saying that an international occupation of a Turkish island often only amuses the Turks, who know the combined Great Powers could not long agree to hold it, and certainly causes those filling the highest positions in the diplomatic world at Constantinople much grave anxiety as to how matters may turn out, or how they could be rescued from their posts should the necessity arise.

I would not have detained my readers so

long on this subject were it not that the strength of the Dardanelles is one of the most important factors to be considered when discussing the Near Eastern Question, especially when talking of bringing pressure to bear upon the Turkish Government to enforce reforms in Macedonia, and when advocating that this pressure should be carried to the length of armed coercion,—a policy so persistently pressed upon the British Government by certain sections of the community. If you mean to bark be first assured that you can effectively bite. Are we assured of this?

CHAPTER V

My First Impressions of the Interior

It was about the middle of October when I arranged to make a journey in the Vilayet, or Province, of Adrianople. A few days before my proposed departure a friend asked me if I had purchased a stove, hams, bacon, milk and jam, and many other things. I told him I had only arranged for my guide. This worthy dragoman, the faithful Pelligrini, had promised to secure everything, and had done nothing. The one and only course open to me was to buy, borrow, or steal everything, from a cooking stove to a tin of milk. Thanks to the Co-operative Stores in Constantinople, all the groceries were easily and cheaply obtained, and several friends lent me cooking utensils. A saddle was the greatest of difficulties and one of the most essential articles of kit; this, for a consideration, I was able to hire.

Then came the passport. It was news to my Western mind that in order to move from one

town to another in Turkey, a special passport, or "teskéré," for permission to travel in the interior, is required; and, further, a fresh visé is compulsory for each journey, definitely made out for a particular place. For example, if the Turkish regulations were in force here, and you desired to travel from Portsmouth to Guildford, your teskéré would be viséd at Portsmouth for Guildford; and, further, if you changed your mind, and wished to visit Southampton before Guildford, you would have to get your passport re-marked, or obtain special permission from the authorities to pay a passing visit to Southampton. On one occasion I wished to put off my departure on a road journey for a day and make an expedition by train to a neighbouring town; for this I was obliged to obtain special permission. Teskérés are inspected by the police and luggage searched before a ticket is issued for any journey, and duty on goods is sometimes charged if the excursion is from one vilayet or district to another.

After many misgivings as to my fate in a mysterious Eastern country, of whose language I then knew nothing, I set out one beautiful autumn afternoon in the middle of the month of October. My journey from Constantinople was performed on a vessel called the *Bodka*, of about 300 tons. I

had been informed by Pelligrini that the first-class fare to Rodosto was eight francs, and therefore was pleasantly surprised to find that the interior of the boat seemed in the dim light to be fairly clean. The passengers were few in number; only two besides myself were paying for first-class accommodation, though a considerably larger number partook of its comforts. The main trade of these small coasting steamers is goods, and they also carry deck passengers, who jabber all night.

Shortly after the departure of the boat, we assembled at what was to me a novel sort of dinner party, consisting of the ship's captain, chief engineer, and one of the clerks of the Company, the waiter being the ship's steward, who smoked cigarettes, and at intervals sat down and joined in the conversation. I had wisely brought my own food,—it was difficult to swallow the extremely greasy stew that was set before us. The whole party were most kind to me, although, of course, I was supposed to be a dangerous European. The only passenger besides myself who talked French was the clerk, so we conversed at intervals. The boat was run by Greeks under the Russian flag.

The night having been made hideous by my bed-companions, which I more than once tried to catch, but which I found on inspection were far

too numerous to be worth the effort, I was extremely glad to welcome dawn, and to find we were anchored at Rodosto, and only waiting for the proper and regulation sunrise before a landing was permissible.

Rodosto is a picturesque and prettily situated town, on the north coast of the Sea of Marmara; it presents an imposing appearance from the sea —semicircular in character on the slopes of a hill. The houses run close down to the water's edge, and are mostly built of wood. There are a series of short piers jutting out into the sea, at which a landing is effected in small boats.

Rodosto stands on the site of an ancient town built by the Samians, and called Bisanthe. Later this name was changed to Raedestus. The town was restored by Justinian, and afterwards destroyed by the Bulgarians in the ninth century. It was an important town in the Byzantine Period.

Rodosto is the proposed landing-place of Turkish troops from Asia Minor, with a view to marching on to the Adrianople-Constantinople Railway, the assumed object being to defend the latter place, or to prevent the advance of any enemy from Adrianople towards the capital. A new railway is now proposed, or perhaps, ere the publication of this book, will be in course of con-

THE QUAY AT RODOSTO.

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struction, joining Rodosto to the main line to Constantinople at Muratli.

The first duty of a visitor, on arrival at a fresh place in Turkey, is to call on the British Consul, or Representative, if one exist; and then to call or send his card to the Governor of the town with a request for an interview. I found that the gentleman who performed the duties of English Consul, but who is an Italian, was absent. I therefore called on his brother, the Italian Consul, who received me most kindly, and gave me all the information in his power.

I then sent Pelligrini to inquire at what hour the Governor would receive me, and in the course of a few minutes a message came to ask me to call on him, which I at once did.

The first visit of an Englishman to a Turkish Governor is somewhat of a curious experience, and often one of considerable difficulty. In the first place, you are obliged then as at other times to place yourself in the hands of the interpreter, who always tries to translate into Turkish and *vice versa* before he has half understood himself the remarks he purposes to translate. Official visitors generally call at the "Konak," or Town Hall; but, as it was a public holiday and feast for the celebration of His Imperial Majesty's birthday, I was received

at the Governor's private residence. The town was gorgeously decorated with flags to celebrate the occasion.

The house of the Governor of a Turkish town is not a palace; it is generally built of wood, and of course has a portion set apart for the ladies of the harem. An attendant meets you in the hall and attempts to brush your boots, if you don't desire to remove them, in accordance with Turkish custom.

The reception room is bare, and is generally only furnished with a few divans and Turkish rugs. At this particular house the room was more cosy than usual, and was furnished with a few pretty Oriental tables, and had some interesting pictures hanging on the walls.

Contrary to custom, I found His Excellency alone, as a Pasha is nearly always surrounded, especially on holidays and at feast-times, by all the chief officials of the town, each sitting in his proper place according to his rank, and each man vacating his seat if an official of higher rank arrives who is entitled to occupy it.

Conversation cannot extend to interesting subjects when carried on with the assistance of an untrained interpreter, and is generally confined to the object of the traveller's visit and his destina-

tion, both of which, of course, the tourist is probably trying to disguise. My readers may wonder why the purpose and destination of a journey should be disguised. The reasons for secrecy partially depend on the objects of the journey; but as a fact, as soon as the destination becomes known, telegrams are immediately sent to all the places you may pass through with orders directing your close surveillance. I think, however, to disguise anything in Turkey is a mistake, as one is almost sure to find the authorities know everything.

Fortunately for me, I was accompanied by a guide who could be trusted. I had no idea that a journey in Turkey in Europe necessitated an escort of police. The first object of a visit to the Governor is, then, to ask for these gendarmes. Should the traveller attempt to start unprotected, he will either find that he is followed by a suspicious escort, or that he simply cannot start. No horses or carriages will arrive at the appointed hour for departure, all horse owners being obliged to report to the police before they take a suspected European across country in the interior of Turkey. The usual "baksheesh" for these gendarmes is two francs each per day, on which they lodge and feed themselves and their horses.

I found the Governor of Rodosto an intelligent,

tall, fine-looking man, about fifty years of age, with a dark beard and of sombre complexion, who took great interest in everything, and particularly in photography, which, as I am an ardent photographer, proved a topic for some conversation. I was at once invited to the evening "At Home" which was to be given to celebrate the Sultan's birthday, and I had the greatest difficulty in explaining that a photograph of the evening party would be impossible with a small hand camera. The hospitality, of course, included Turkish coffee and cigarettes, and many untrue compliments on both sides.

As Rodosto is an important place, its Governor is of high rank; he therefore sent a staff officer to return my visit at the hotel, and to promise me all I had sought. Later, the Italian Consul called on me, and, with the generous kindness with which I was always treated by foreigners abroad, asked me to come and spend the evening and sleep the night at his house. It is needless to relate that I was anxious to accept this great kindness, and, as soon as I realised the invitation was really meant, I indicated my gratification. We started from the hotel at once, and, after a passing call at the Club, where a very tuneless band was playing to celebrate the holiday,

went to the Italian Consulate. The Consulate was, of course, a Turkish house, but its interior was beautifully clean; it was entered through the proverbial courtyard.

The evening reception at the Konak was a novel experience for an Englishman. We were ushered into a bare building, the lower storey of which was used as offices, and the upper floor as reception rooms. We were, of course, expected to leave our overshoes or goloshes downstairs, but as I wore neither I was obliged to defile the carpets with my shooting boots.

The party began with a reception about 8.30, continued with a dance, and ended with light refreshments about 10.30. The band was a mixed one of ladies and gentlemen, and played out of tune in slow numbers.

All the Armenian and Greek ladies (Turkish ladies, of course, do not attend parties), who were attired in morning dress and mostly wore hats, sat in two small rooms opening out of the ballroom, and were only absent from their seats during their dance. The gentlemen also wore morning dress, mostly with fezes, which are not, of course, removed in the house.

Dancing took place partly on the boards and partly on the carpet, the latter being folded back

half-way through the entertainment. I was the only Englishman present, and had to make use of my best French in conversation with the few gentlemen who knew that language. Every one was most kind in talking to me, and I felt myself quite a welcome guest.

A traveller in the East is almost bound to trust to his interpreter not only as a guide but as a banker,—in a land of bargaining it is impossible to make all arrangements personally. By the word "banker" I mean that it was necessary for Pelligrini to make all minor payments, for which I had advanced him a few pounds. He was responsible for always providing small change, which cannot be obtained in Eastern countries. The difficulty of obtaining change for £T1 would be enormous in a small village. When I travelled more extensively in subsequent years, I carried my bag of money myself, but at the period I am now trying to describe I knew nothing of the Turkish language. During this my first visit to Turkey I was obliged to trust to Pelligrini to make all the arrangements and practically fix the prices of my requirements. Later, when I knew more of the habits and prices of the country, I had all bargains carried out in my presence.

At Rodosto, therefore, I was obliged to leave

the arrangements of the transport and carriages to Pelligrini, who chartered a carriage, which in England might be called a victoria, drawn by three small, thin horses, and an "araba" (a four-wheeled cart covered over like a miniature brewer's van) for the luggage.

The bargain for the journey is long, and often most tedious. I found the best method was to allow Pelligrini to "send," as he said, for horse owners, who were generally at once discovered, and who often called at the hotel on chance of a job as soon as they heard a foreigner had arrived. When possible, it is preferable to engage a caravan which will be returning home in the direction in which you wish to travel. The object of this is twofold: first, economy, and, second, convenience. If a caravan is on its way home it will take a more reasonable offer, and the drivers are not likely to strike half-way.

Having sent for the "horse proprietor," the next difficulty is to decide the mode of transport, namely, carriages or pack-horses. This decision is often one of embarrassment, as the local guides and "hangis" (hotel proprietors) have generally a vested interest in the matter, and wish you to proceed by carriage or horse according to the "baksheesh" they obtain from the local horse

dealer if they arrange the method most convenient to him. If weather is fine, and not too hot, a saddle-horse is preferable, with a cart or pack-horses for the luggage. The roads are always bad, and when on horseback divergences from the main road are possible. Carriages are the quicker method, if they can travel on the road at all,—at times you are sure to be able to trot slowly, while this is seldom comfortable when riding.

You have to cultivate the virtue of patience when bargaining—cups of coffee are drunk by all parties, and many cigarettes are smoked. I found the better plan was for the head driver to be brought to my room and the door fastened; otherwise half the town assist at the bargain. Moreover, though the traveller knows but a very few words of the language, he can then make use of them readily, and the listener is impressed by his vehemence.

The usual manner of hiring transport is at a fixed sum for the journey, which you are told will take a certain number of days or hours,—never that it is a definite number of kilometres or miles. An hour's journey, according to Eastern reckoning, calculated at pack-horse speed, is about three miles, or even less; and therefore the journey generally takes less time than that quoted by the astute carriage proprietors.

This manner of hiring is far from satisfactory, as, if you insist on spending more or less time on a journey than that usually taken over it, trouble at once ensues. The best method, then, is to arrange to pay a fixed sum per day, with a minimum number of days; the price per horse varies from two francs per day to five, and is usually about three.

Having driven a bargain, a deposit should be exacted from the transport owner in order to ensure his turning up; this is easily obtained if the gentleman in question is an honest man and really means to come,—he nearly always possesses some ready money.

The terms once arranged, the next step is to settle the best route to be followed. This always induces enormous haggling, and requires more coffee and cigarettes, especially if the road you desire to follow is not the usual caravan route, and will prevent your drivers meeting their friends or sleeping in their usual haunts.

There are several roads from Rodosto to Uzun-Kupru, a distance of some fifty miles as the crow flies. One route lies thorugh Airobol, and runs north-west from Rodosto, joining the railway some miles east of Uzun-Kupru. The other, which I decided to follow, runs through Ainadzik, and leaves

Malgara slightly to the south of it. The distance is some sixty miles.

Much refreshed by my stay and comfortable night at the Consulate, and quite unable to convey any adequate thanks to my host and hostess, I set out early next morning on my first carriage journey on the road to Adrianople. The carriages, of course, came late.

I have always made it a maxim when travelling to keep the luggage van either with my own carriage or in front of it; if this golden rule is broken, disaster will certainly ensue. The luggage drivers always say they will pick you up and pass you at lunch-time: they seldom do. A message will arrive that the horse is lame and cannot proceed, or some equally frivolous excuse be advanced, simply because the driver has arrived at a comfortable place to pass the night, or wishes to spend it at a friend's house. This is more than ever the case if unfortunately the month is Ramazan, or the sacred month of Mohammedans.

When travelling, I always made a point of sleeping in some very small village. I did this on the first night of my departure from Rodosto. Before arrival at the selected place of camp, one of the gendarmes of the escort rides on and finds the chief man of the village, who meets the

My Host the First Night after Leaving Rodosto.

A Turkish House.

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traveller on the outskirts of his domain and conducts him to the selected house for the night's rest. The head of a village is responsible for providing this accommodation for the weary tourist.

A large crowd of people always welcomes you, and before one has even had time for a well-earned tea a great number of questions have to be answered. The villagers make a point of crowding round and most kindly offering their assistance, and they even clean out the room. My invariable rule was to postpone a reception until the house was tolerably comfortable for the night and supper was at any rate arranged for, if not actually cooked.

A Turkish house in a village of the interior is practically never more than one storey high, and consists of one or perhaps two rooms leading through one another. My room on this occasion adjoined the stables; the windows had bars but no glass; the whole was built of rough plaster, with a tiled roof. My arrival naturally caused an immense sensation in this village of seven houses. The inhabitants, of course, collected round the house, and I was able to study the faces of the interested children who watched my preparations with their faces pressed against the bars.

Soon after my arrival, I was much startled by

a gun-shot in the yard, and on inquiry found a chicken had been shot for supper, and, on remonstrating with Pelligrini, was informed the fowls were wild, and could not be killed in any other manner. On making closer acquaintance with the fowl, for which I paid about fourpence or sixpence, I discovered at once that during life it had been a most athletic bird. It was very small and thin, and naturally untrussed. I can assure the readers of this book that much as they may enjoy a *poulet roti* at the Savoy Hotel, his Turkish cousin palls on the taste when he is your only meat-food for many consecutive days.

After supper I always held a reception, at which all were welcome,—and all enjoyed my cigarettes. The countrypeople are anxious to welcome a foreigner whom they can trust, and have generally some horrible tale to disclose. The gendarme, however, takes good care not to leave the room for more than a very brief period,—therefore it is difficult to obtain the truth. Moreover, this alert official makes a point of seeing and mentally noting exactly who pays you a visit.

During the second day's march my caravan was joined by a third policeman, who was sent by the Governor of a neighbouring town to watch my movements.

The population of this district, although not so mixed as in the so-called Macedonia, at the same time includes many Greeks. Here and there one notices the signs of a Greek habitation, —the church tower, the drove of swine, and the picturesque garb of a Greek priest, or the care-worn face of some Greek woman. One generally finds the lands belonging to these Greek villages better cultivated and the houses somewhat cleaner than the Turkish homesteads. The Christians are, of course, ever possessed by the fear of mis-government, and they sometimes reveal this fear in their demeanour.

The only important town I passed *en route* was Uzun-Kupru ("Long Bridge"). The name of this town is justified by a fine bridge some 1500 yards long, which I was informed is four hundred years old. It is constructed of stone, and in good condition, and even dimly lighted with lamps.

I arrived at Uzun-Kupru in the late afternoon, and of course was driven to the chief Han (hotel) in the centre of the town. A Han is not what we should here describe as a hotel. It is a building generally constructed round a courtyard. The lower storey forms the stables; the centre a general market or shouting and bargaining place; the upper storey consists of bedrooms opening from

a wooden balcony. No food is provided at a Han, and travellers must cook or obtain their own, or bribe the " boys " to go to the nearest eating-shop to obtain it.

It is difficult to draw the exact line between a hotel in the interior of Turkey and a Han. The word " Han " is more in use in Asia Minor. A Han also, besides being invariably deficient of food, has often no beds, and the traveller is even expected to provide his own. The one piece of furniture always present, however, is a Turkish divan or seat, on which the natives sleep. Personally, I was always pleased when greeted with the words " There are no beds." It is often preferable to use your own camp bed or mattress rather than share one at the hotel with its many small, irritating occupants. The police were surprised at what they deemed my reckless hardihood.

The Han at Uzun-Kupru was far from inviting ; I, therefore, although wet through, decided to drive on to the railway station, a distance of some two miles. This was much against the wish of my drivers, who had, of course, attempted to unload all the vehicles as soon as I ascended to inspect the bedroom. Before leaving the town, I sent my card to the Konak to notify my arrival to the Governor.

A Street at Uzun-Kupru.

The New Konak at Uzun-Kupru.

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I found the hotel at Uzun-Kupru Station a miserable, dirty wooden place, much the same as at Rodosto, but as it was beyond the town I was not subjected to the stares of so many curious officials as would have been the case in the village. The rats were very troublesome, and the floor of my bedroom sloped at a considerable angle; my mind was, however, directed to the outside world by the whistle of the Orient Express as it passed on its way to Vienna during the evening.

The most important aim of every Turkish official is to keep the traveller occupied, even at the greatest inconvenience to himself, in order to prevent him obtaining any information as to the state of the country or the political conditions under which the people exist,—a foreigner is always supposed to wish for information on these two points. At Uzun-Kupru the Governor even offered to put me up in the Konak, which was hardly completed.

Almost immediately after my arrival I received a visit from the Governor, who remained in conversation in the waiting-room of the station at least an hour, and persuaded me to promise to make an expedition the next day to a neighbouring farm, nominally for the purpose of shooting. This

invitation I was, for want of an excuse, obliged to accept.

I spent a very wearisome day riding out to this farm for luncheon, and afterwards inspected some steam-ploughing engines which had just arrived from Fowler & Co., of Leeds, and were under the charge of a Belgian driver.

His Excellency and I rode out alone, as it was said to be impossible to obtain a horse for Pelligrini; therefore he drove, and was of little service to me as an interpreter. My host was able to talk French, as was also one of the managers of the farm, so that when they were agreeable we enjoyed pleasant conversation.

I could have imagined myself in a rural district at home, when watching these steam-engines at work, had it not been for the bareness of the scenery and the fact that the large water-cart was drawn by four fine oxen.

Luncheon at a Turkish farm may be an interesting event on which to look back, but it was not so enjoyable at the moment. Picture an Englishman sitting at rather a bare table, surrounded by three foreigners, who only addressed him when necessary, and who, he could see, were intently discussing his business. The food provided was excellent, and consisted of a hot stew and some cold goose.

Pelligrini did not lunch with us, nor did he come on to see the steam-ploughing engines.

We, of course, did not return to Uzun-Kupru till dark, so I was not able to see much of the town or its wonders. My Turkish Governor-host was a pleasant, very smart, good-looking man, I believe of the Young Turkish Party, and about thirty-five years of age. He was desirous of benefiting the district under his control by attempting to improve the roads and bridges in the neighbourhood. Living in banishment, and forbidden to visit Constantinople even to see his relations, any visitor was pleasant to him; and, had it not been for the compulsory reticence on both our parts, conversation would have been, I am persuaded, very interesting and instructive. Even as it was, we discussed the Russo-Japanese War, and I found that his sympathies were, like all Turks, with the Japanese. We also mentioned the Turco-Bulgarian Question, which he did not care to discuss, and seemed afraid of even mentioning. I could only extract from him that the Bulgarians were, in his opinion, "*enfants gatés.*"

This gentleman, who was mounted on a fine chestnut Arab, for which he informed me he had only paid twenty pounds, was rather given to vanity. I took his photograph in as many postures

as my number of films would permit, and sent them to him on my return to Constantinople; but, I am sorry to say, received no answer to my letter—I suppose owing to his fear of writing to an Englishman.

On consultation with Pelligrini, I found that this farm was the property of an influential Turkish Pasha, who resided at Constantinople, and that one of the so-called managers, whom I was invited to meet at luncheon, was a well-known Constantinople-man, and had been at that place only a few days before I left it. He was some days later again met by Pelligrini at the hotel at Adrianople. This gentleman was particularly interested in all my affairs, and was probably sent to meet me. Large quantities of melons grow around Uzun-Kupru, and I actually purchased delicious specimens for twopence, which later I found was far too high a price.

The town of Keshan, near which coal has recently been discovered, is situated about 27 miles almost due south of Uzun-Kupru, and about 20 miles northward of Ibridgi, on the Gulf of Xeros. Ibridgi is 40 miles by sea north-east of the entrance to the Dardanelles from the Mediterranean. The district in which the coal exists was until the last few years practically unknown to geologists,

the first detailed geological investigation of this neighbourhood having been carried out by Lieutenant Colonel T. English.

A concession for working the coal was granted to a British Company by an Iradé of His Majesty the Sultan in 1907. About forty square miles of country are included in the area of this concession, and the amount of fuel contained in this coalfield is reported to be sixty or seventy million tons.

I think I am justified in saying that the importance of these mines (which I consider it difficult to overestimate) depends on two main points: first, the quality of the coal; second, the cost of working it, and the arrangements which can be made for transporting it to the sea. But in order to develop the mines it is necessary for the public to take the matter up and provide the Company with the necessary capital to work the deposits.

The coal is reported to be equal to Welsh coal of a good quality. If this be true, the latter may have a competitor in the Keshan mines. The freight to the Mediterranean ports from England is, I believe, about six shillings per ton, Hence arises the question, could Keshan coal be conveyed to this market at a lesser rate? If the cost of production be even the same in Turkey as in Wales,

a reduced expense in freightage would obviously be to the advantage of the Ottoman coalowners.

The coal has been discovered where it "outcrops"—that is to say, where the slope of the mine causes it to come up to the level of the surface of the ground. Working the coal would, therefore, be cheap at first, as expensive shafts and sinkings would not be required. At the same time, of course, the quality of the coal will not be as good at the outcrop as at a greater depth. The thickness of the seam, namely three or four feet, if not mixed with bands of dirt, is satisfactory, as compared with many mines in England, which are worked with a seam of only two feet in thickness. Moreover, this one seam having been discovered, in all probability other seams above and below it exist.

The labour question would at first be a difficult one. Men will probably have to be imported into Turkey to instruct the natives how to mine, especially if any elaborate machinery is to be utilised; these men would require high wages. I am unable to fancy the Turk as a collier, wearing clogs, although considering the manner in which he has been taught to build the Hedjas Railway, which has been largely constructed by the followers of Islam, it is possible that Mohammedans might

equally well be rendered cognisant of the methods of "winning" coal. There is, however, one great difference, namely, that the ostensible object of the Hedjas Railway is to assist pilgrims on their journeys to the Holy Cities, whilst that of the coal-mines would be to place money in the coffers of the Christian shareholders. There are, however, the non-Turkish subjects of the Sultan, some of whom no doubt would be willing to work the coal. Another expense or trouble which may arise will be the difficulty of importing the necessary machinery and transporting it across country to Keshan. Even though the concession for working the coal has been granted, obstacles are almost sure to be placed in the way of importing any complicated machinery, especially if that machinery be electrical. The concession may, however, cover all these eventualities.

The last point which I propose to discuss is the difficulty of removing the coal to the sea. The coal-fields lie, as I have mentioned before, about twenty miles from the nearest port. I am not aware if any concession for the construction of a railway has been granted. If a concession for a line has been granted, the construction, including the necessary plant, cannot fail to be an expensive undertaking. The interest payable upon

the sum of money devoted to the construction of this line would of course increase the price of the coal per ton by a varying amount, according to the quantity of fuel obtained each year. The greater the output each year, the greater would be the proportionate profit, especially, so far as the railway is concerned, as the annual interest will not be increased, whereas the traffic would be larger. To cart the coal by road would be impracticable, owing to the great cost.

A further expense will probably have to be incurred for the improvement of the port of Ibridgi. Colliers vary in size, from those which carry about 2000 tons of coal to those with a capacity for 6000 tons. It will be almost necessary to construct quays which can accommodate these ships, and to provide them with tips and other costly machinery.

I have entered into as full a description of these coal-fields as possible, because, in view of the comparatively small number of concessions held by British companies in Turkey, I am sure my readers will be interested in the above details, and will join me in wishing the promoters of the Company every success in this well-deserving enterprise.

All the country between Rodosto and Uzun-

Kupru is open, dreary and weird. The cultivated parts are mostly devoted to maize and barley, which are shipped at Rodosto. The people consider it a very good crop if the ground produces ten times the amount sown. This reveals the fertility of the soil. It is approximately the same percentage as in England, with vastly less labour and next to no manure. In the year I passed through the country, however, the harvest had been bad, and the yield was only six or seven times the amount sown.

Herds of goats, plenty of small, poor-looking sheep, and some cattle were noticeable on the monotonous landscape. During, too, the first part of the journey I noticed cart-loads of wood proceeding towards Rodosto.

Game was conspicuous by its absence. I saw practically no partridges, although they were said to exist. Great excitement was caused one day among my drivers, who pursued all one luncheon halt what Pelligrini called a "salvage rabbit," but which, on its being at last bagged, I found to be an ordinary English-looking hare.

There is little timbered land in this district, and what there is consists of low oak scrub, the Turks never allowing their trees to come to their prime, but cutting them at any period of their

growth in the most convenient localities for immediate use. Thus in time the country will be denuded of all trees. The rolling hills remind one of the Karoo districts of Cape Colony, and I often felt, as we drove along, that I was back there.

In Turkey trains always arrive and depart at inconvenient hours of the night, which entirely precludes any view of the country; I therefore decided, much against the wish of the authorities, to drive on from Uzun-Kupru to Adrianople. I accomplished this in one day, a distance of some thirty miles, and with only one vehicle, part of the baggage having been sent on by train. The route lies along the eastern or left bank of the important Maritza River, so little known and thought of by English people, although in this part of its course it is at least 150 yards wide. It has a rapidly flowing current, even in the autumn, and before the winter rains have begun. The valley in this district is some five or six miles wide, and very fertile.

Maize and barley are largely cultivated. The maize is removed from its husk and threshed out by hand, and I passed several parties of Turkish women engaged in this operation; they were, of course, shy of being watched, and most particular in covering up their whole face on the approach of a foreigner.

The current of the river Maritza is utilised by the people to work a very antiquated form of mill. The shape of these old-fashioned arrangements is somewhat like a Noah's Ark, as it is modelled for the amusement of children. They consist of a sort of large flat-bottomed boat with a house built on it; the whole structure is attached to the bank by a small bridge, and moored with strong ropes. On the outer side a wooden paddle wheel, or perhaps two, projects into the water, and is turned by the current, thereby working the internal machinery.

You can see the railway from the road for most of the way; and I was impressed by the incongruity of the scene—the smoke of a passing train and the old-world surroundings, whilst I myself jolted along half lying in a small van, destitute of springs, seats or comforts.

The last part of the drive is largely through vineyards, and just before one reaches Adrianople the road unites with the ancient main route to Constantinople. This is a mixed blessing, as the surface is paved with various sized stones, and the jolting of the carriage becomes terrific. However, as usual, the driver was easily able to gratify his wish to avoid the proper paved high road, and he now drove along its edge, which in summer is dry and of a more even surface.

The grapes were not yet gathered when I passed late in October, and it was a somewhat fresh experience to pick the fruit in frosty weather and when one was almost frozen with cold, even though clothed in the warmest furs.

. . . . . .

A drive in the interior of Turkey teaches a novice in travelling many lessons, and certainly steadies his nerves. The bridges are very steep and have no balustrades, and on more than one occasion I thought the wheels were over the edge; the roads are terribly rough, and one is often glad to walk for miles to avoid the merciless jolting and obtain some exercise.

The drivers always cause trouble, and, after making the most satisfactory and binding arrangement, generally refuse to proceed another yard, and it is only with the greatest firmness that they can be induced to go on without wasting some valuable days. The most bitter disputes occur over small details, and were it not for the protection and authority of the gendarme escort, who wish for a favourable report when the journey is over, and also for the usual worldly consideration, an unfortunate English traveller would hardly be able to penetrate the interior of Turkey.

CHAPTER VI

ADRIANOPLE

I FEEL sure my readers will believe that I was not sorry to arrive at Adrianople after my first journey by road, for which I had set out only half provided with food and necessaries, and the difficulties of which I was quite unprepared to combat when I left Constantinople.

Adrianople, which is the capital of the vilayet of that name, is the third largest town in European Turkey, and ranks next in order of size after Salonika. The population, estimated at some 80,000 souls, consists for the most part of Turks, Greeks, and Bulgarians. The city lies in the valley of the Maritza, at the junction of this river with the Tundra; the river Arda also joins the Maritza just above the town. The city is only distant from the Bulgarian-Turkish frontier at Mustafa Pasha some eighteen miles, the railway uniting the two towns.

The railway station, as in so many Eastern

centres, lies distant from the town some three miles. This is a common occurrence in the East, where the inhabitants dread the advent of a railway before its construction, and when completed regret that it does not pass nearer to them. This railway, constructed by Baron Hirsch to connect Constantinople with Europe, was built with many curves, in order to provide a greater profit for the financiers, by reason of its necessarily greater length.

As for the town itself, there is nothing special to describe: a long, narrow, winding dirty street runs through the city, bordered by the best shops, hotels, bazaars, and baths. The principal Frankish residences, of which there are practically none except those occupied by the Consular representatives of most of the foreign Powers, are either situated in the side streets or in a sort of European and Christian settlement quite close to the railway station.

The river is crossed by a bridge on the way to the station, for which a toll is levied for maintenance.

The principal buildings of the town are a rather pretentious Konak standing off the road in an imposing courtyard, the approach to which is guarded by Turkish sentries. An ancient mosque, dating from the reign of Selim II. in 1570, is well

worth a visit, and boasts of a picturesque court-yard. When visiting mosques in the interior of the country, where overshoes are seldom provided for the use of the European heathen, it is always wise to wear loose boots, and to remove them at once, without any question as to the possibility of obtaining slippers. The Mohammedan prefers his church to be entered barefooted, to the visitor being equipped with overshoes.

The town further boasts of a branch of the Ottoman Bank and an Austrian post office, securing the more or less safe delivery of correspondence. The streets are particularly dirty, and always seem to be thronged with passengers jostling all whom they meet. A large proportion of the street-frequenters are soldiers.

Outside the city is an ill-kept park, situated on the banks of the river. This pleasure-ground, which boasts of some fine shady elm trees, provides a pleasant resort, in which to walk, and is a great relief after the push and struggle of the crowded streets of the town.

Almost the whole of the immediate neighbourhood is given up to the cultivation of grapes, which the farmers make into wine. The vine-yards, which are generally divided into small holdings, are watched over by a native policeman,

who spends his time sitting in a curious raised basket shelter supported on wooden posts about twelve feet above the ground; access to this queer-looking arrangement is gained by an antiquated ladder. This look-out station secures a good view, and shelters the watcher from detection by any thief or passer-by. The expenses of the watchman are paid by subscription from the owners of the vineyards, and one policeman is able to guard several properties.

The grapes are manufactured into wine by the most out-of-date methods. The squeezing is done by the trampling of men's feet; and, when one has witnessed the operation carried out by natives who are far from clean, it does not add an extra relish to the glass of country wine usually drunk at the evening meal.

Adrianople is one, if not the most important, of the Turkish fortified towns, the garrison consisting of many thousand men. Every day it probably becomes stronger, and greater preparations are made to guard against any attack on the part of Bulgaria. The town is stoutly defended by powerful forts, which are said to number twenty or thirty, and crown the surrounding hills. The works are subdivided into three districts—those lying on the south-west of the

A Watchman's Look-out Station.

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town and on the right bank of the river Maritza; those situated on the north-west of the town, between the banks of the Maritza and the Tundra; and those east of the town, and therefore on the left bank of the Maritza.

Adrianople is the headquarters of the 2nd Turkish Army Corps, which nominally consists of over 40,000 of all ranks and 8000 horses. The district in which its troops are quartered covers, besides the Vilayet of Adrianople, parts of Asia Minor, including a strip running from the Dardanelles to the Mediterranean Sea, north of the island of Cyprus.

The actual garrison of Adrianople includes three regiments of cavalry, the remaining cavalry of the army corps being stationed some at Demotika, some at Mustafa Pasha, and some at Kirk Kilissa. There is a large force of infantry quartered in the town and neighbouring barracks, the remaining infantry battalions being located at Dédé-Agach, Mustafa Pasha, Kerjali, Kirk Kilissa and Ternavojik, and their sub-districts.

Bodies of the infantry are occupied in holding the railways against marauders, and others are utilised in guarding the Turco-Bulgarian frontier.

There is a total of about twenty-eight batteries

of artillery of all descriptions at Adrianople, besides twenty-one batteries quartered at various towns in the European Vilayet of Adrianople, principally near the Bulgarian frontier. Beyond these batteries there is a force of heavy artillery which garrisons the Adrianople forts. The remainder of the garrison is made up of field engineers, technical troops, and details.

The strength of the defences of Adrianople is the great obstacle to any advance on the capital of the Ottoman Dominions from the north-west. A hostile army having once captured Adrianople would have half taken the capital. There are no important fortifications or natural obstacles to bar its advance until it reaches the Chatalja Lines lying at the gates of the city, which I have already described.

My visit to Adrianople was shortly after the great fire which had destroyed a whole quarter of the city. Nothing was to be seen but acres of devastated houses and heaps of charred débris. No attempt had been made to rebuild. The fire took place on September 2, 1905; 7000 houses were destroyed, only fifteen of which were insured. The Greek, Armenian, and Bulgarian quarters were razed to the ground, and thousands were left homeless. Turks do not insure their houses; if

burnt, it is "intended" and the will of God, and it would be wrong to guard against it.

Adrianople is the seat of a British Military Consulate, a few of which still remain in the Ottoman Dominions. The most important are Adrianople, Van, and Konia. The Consuls are regular officers or militia men "seconded" (absent temporarily) from their regiments, and are employed and paid by the Foreign Office. They are under the direct control of His Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople, through whom they make their reports to Head Quarters.

A Military Consul is at once Ambassador, trade-protector, intelligence officer, and supervisor of the Governor of the district,—he must ever keep a vigilant eye on that official. This officer has probably had no Consular experience, and is placed at important centres more for political and military than for trading reasons. At Adrianople his flock of fellow-countrymen consisted at the time of my visit of one or at most two working families.

Owing to the kindness and courteous hospitality of Captain Townshend, then holding this office at Adrianople, I was spared the discomfort of a stay at the hotel, which establishment hardly justifies the name. I was also able to spend

a very pleasant, enjoyable time in most interesting company, and to view the sights of Adrianople under the most favourable conditions.

As usual, I found that my arrival was anxiously expected by the Vali (Governor of a vilayet). This important personage confided to Captain Townshend the day I arrived that he had heard an Englishman was expected from Uzun-Kupru, and that he was coming by road, and not by the ordinary train. I also later heard from Pelligrini that I was expected by the proprietor of the hotel.

In an Eastern Consulate you find yourself amid the comfortable and pleasant surroundings of a lordly palace. The British Government provides two "cavases" (armed servants) for the use of the Consul, and also a dragoman, who acts as clerk and interpreter combined. The dragoman, at this time an Armenian, always accompanies his master on any official expedition. I was much astonished to find that it was a common event, when a foreign Consul took his constitutional, to be preceded by his cavas.

During my stay in Adrianople I called upon the Vali, to request that orders might be given to enable me to proceed out of Turkey into Bulgaria at any point on the frontier I desired. The visit was official, so besides Captain Townshend and

myself our party was augmented by the dragoman of the Consulate. A cavas, dressed in a magnificent dark green frock coat, amply ornamented with narrow black braid, preceded us. This imposing looking gentleman was armed with a revolver carried in a grand-looking gold lace case hung on a belt of the same material.

On arrival at the Konak, we were conducted to the room occupied by His Excellency's secretary. To my astonishment, this gentleman was an extremely clever, active, quick, and energetic Israelite, thoroughly modern in all his ideas, and the most confidential adviser of the Governor. This personage we found seated with an English daily paper (I believe the *Daily Telegraph*) on his table (he declared he could not understand English); and, during the interval while we were waiting for His Excellency, he discoursed on all manner of subjects with us. I much horrified the numerous attendants by seeking to enter the room of His Excellency with my walking-stick in my hand. This in the East would indicate a shocking lack of manners, and cause great offence. The stick is always seized by some attendant and returned when the visit is over.

I found the Vali, who was one of the most powerful men in Turkey, and had held important

posts on the royal staff, to be a short, wizened man, with a sallow complexion, dark beard and rather hooked nose, aged about sixty; his warlike chest was completely covered with decorations of honour. He was supposed to understand the Turkish and Arabic languages alone, but I perceived his look of interest and comprehension when I spoke in French, in the same manner as we could notice the interpreter's alertness when English was spoken. The interview was short and easy, thanks to the excellent manner in which all we said was immediately interpreted by the secretary. I was promised all I asked for; and, although my next journey proved rather a difficult one, as will be seen hereafter, it would have been impossible but for the strict injunctions of this Vali.

My visit was courteously returned at the Consulate in the name of this charming Turkish ruler by his secretary. The house at that time used as the British Consulate was situated opposite the prison and in the principal street of Adrianople. We heard the moans and saw faces of the wretched prisoners, who rushed to their iron-barred windows as we arrived at and left the house.

Captain Townshend was unable to sit in his front rooms owing to the proximity of the prison;

and he was sometimes the recipient of notes, which were hurled out of the windows as he passed, in the hope that his assistance might be obtained, which when the circumstances allowed, it invariably was.

In Turkey it is an offence for a Christian Ottoman subject to read his native paper. While I was at Adrianople thirty Greeks were cast into prison for this offence, and were not liberated for many weeks and then only after the constant endeavours of our Consul.

The doors of a Turkish prison are naturally closed to all but those who can absolutely insist on being granted admittance. This privilege is, I believe, conceded to the representatives of the Great Powers, on due and proper notice being given to the authorities, when everything is without doubt prepared for their inspection. The life in a Turkish prison is, however, not barbarous in comparison with the prevailing conditions of outside life. Sir Charles Eliot, under the pseudonym of "Odysseus," in his excellent *Turkey in Europe*, says with regard to them, "No doubt the interiors of Turkish prisons present most of the horrors which can be caused by brutality and neglect. No doubt educated persons are confined in the same rooms with the lowest ruffians, who are allowed to treat them as they choose. No doubt, too, such rough

punishments as the bastinado are freely employed. This is all very bad, but still it does not prove the truth of the 'hellish' and 'unutterable' forms of torture of which the Turks are freely accused."

The life in a Turkish prison largely depends on the income and position of the prisoner's friends and the amount of tips bestowed on his guardians by the prisoner. Body and bones are merely kept together by the authorities; prisoners are, however, allowed to receive presents of food, necessaries, and clothes from their relations, and therefore the conditions of prison life are more bearable than would otherwise be the case.

The bazaars of Adrianople consist for the most part of modern shops or stalls, and more nearly resemble a Western bazaar than do those of Constantinople.

Until my arrival at Adrianople I considered I understood the Turkish currency; but, after a considerable time spent in haggling for a blanket in the bazaars with the aid of two interpreters, I found the vendor was talking of the Adrianople value of money and I was discussing the matter in Constantinople coin. The difference was slight, and as usual the foreigner was obliged to give way.

The neighbourhood of Adrianople is fairly quiet

and peaceful; and, although the English Consul dispensed with the company of a cavas when walking in the city and its immediate neighbourhood, he always took the precaution of taking him when extending his rides beyond the boundary of the town, and also of providing himself with a revolver when walking outside the city.

In driving through the narrow streets, the magnificent inspiring presence of a cavas seated on the box lends importance to the equipage, and often induces the people to give way with a celerity that is not usual with them.

CHAPTER VII

The Rhodope Balkans

The Rhodope Balkans is the name given to the series of ranges along the southern frontier of Bulgaria which shut off that country from access towards the Mediterranean.

These mountains begin on the west as a continuation of the Rilo Mountains of Bulgaria, a fine mass of hills which form the southern portion of the Sofia Plateau. The chain may be thus described. On the west is the Dospat Range. The Kara Balkan, which is to be found along the borders of Bulgaria south of Philippopolis, forms the central range. Eastward of this, the line of hills practically divides into two long offshoots which enclose the valley of the Arda, one following the Bulgarian frontier, while the other, a well-defined line of mountains, skirts the coast-plain adjacent to the Ægean Sea.

The peaks of this eastern end of the Rhodope Balkans do not rise to so great a height as in the

Western Rhodopes, their highest peak being the Kartal Dagh, which attains an elevation of over 6000 feet above the sea-level.

The Musella Peak, on the Turco-Bulgarian frontier, is the highest mountain in the range, and reaches a height of 9000 feet above the sea; it is situated on the extreme north-west of the Rhodope Range.

The Rhodope Balkans must be carefully distinguished from the main Balkan Range, from which the Peninsula takes its name. This main range, known by the Turks under the name of Khoja ("Father") Balkan, runs from Cape Emine, just north of Burgas, on the Black Sea, to the valley of the river Timok, which flows through Servia near the border of Servia and Bulgaria.

The main range juts forth towards the south under the name of the Shedna Gora, and almost meets the Rhodopes at Trajan's Gateway, situated between Sofia and Philippopolis. The Orient Express wends its way almost through this well-known pass, and those who know where to look may see Trajan's Gateway from its windows shortly after leaving the town of Ikteman, as they journey Eastwards through Bulgaria.

Before entering into the details of the Rhodope Balkans, their rivers and roads, I will ask my

readers to follow my advance from Adrianople to the plain bordering on the Ægean Sea.

The journey from Adrianople (a former capital of Turkey in Europe) to the Ægean Sea is accomplished during the night, and therefore any inspection of the country is impossible. This sort of disappointment always greets the tourist in countries where there is only one train per day, or, as in this case, only one through train every alternate day.

The railway accommodation is bad—there are no sleeping-cars. One wakes after a short and disturbed night to find a change of carriage is necessary at Dédé-Agach, where the railway line approaches the sea.

Here you are allowed time for a hasty breakfast at a coffee-shop, but so great is the crowd that food is impossible, and you are only offered Turkish coffee and sweet bread made in fancy shapes.

The change of trains at an Eastern station is at best far from comfortable, and on the several occasions I have been at Dédé-Agach has always been attended with many difficulties. On this morning the first-class carriages were all crowded with Turkish ladies, whom the stationmaster promised to remove, owing to the fact that they were third-class passengers. This, however, was not done, so amidst the threats and remonstrances of

all the officials, I entered a crowded compartment, of which I was in a few seconds the sole occupant; the presence of a European man being so objectionable and improper to Mohammedan women that they at once alighted from the carriage with all their worldly possessions; they, however, left a most unpleasant, dirty compartment behind them.

Dédé-Agach is one of the most important ports on the seacoast between Salonika and the entrance to the Dardanelles, and is the only point at which the railway touches the sea.

Here the railway skirts the sea for some kilometres. The Turks have been wise enough to construct an alternative piece of line, some six miles long, which avoids Dédé-Agach, and runs behind a range of hills; and therefore, should Dédé-Agach ever fall into the hands of an enemy who has secured a landing there, or who has control of the sea, the main line of railway connecting Constantinople with Salonika will probably remain intact, and will be defensible from the hills overlooking Dédé-Agach.

Dédé-Agach is not a good harbour, but owing to its proximity to the mouth of the Maritza River, is the best landing-place for an advance up the valley of that river, which is the most practicable in this part of the country.

From Dédé-Agach the railway runs along the plain between the Rhodope Balkans and the Ægean Sea. On a fine, clear, sunny autumn day the scenery is magnificent. On the north rise the splendid peaks of the Rhodopes, distant some few miles from the railway, and on the south you may occasionally catch a glimpse of the sea.

The line is guarded by troops quartered in block-houses like those used during the South African War; special care is taken to protect bridges and tunnels.

The section of the line which lies between Xanthi and Drama contains one of the most beautiful pieces of scenery I have ever beheld in Europe; the railway winds up a valley some thirty miles long, and closely skirts the banks of the river Mesta, now in a small tunnel, and now on a bank, which closely overhangs the water. The tints of the low oak scrub and other trees turning yellow and brown are magnificent in autumn.

The most important towns lying on the railway between Dédé-Agach and Salonika are Gumulgena, Xanthi, Drama, and Seres. Of Gumulgena I will give a further description later on; one can only observe it in the distance from the train.

Xanthi is a most picturesque spot, lying at the foot of a road leading over the central range of

the Rhodope Balkans. It is the headquarters of the tobacco trade in this neighbourhood. The town is backed by high majestic mountains, through whose narrow gorges the Basmakly road ascends.

Drama is the headquarters of the English section of the Macedonian gendarmerie and the centre of a large tobacco industry. It is the nearest station on the railway to the port of Kavala, and is the starting-point of an important road leading up to the Bulgarian frontier *via* Nevrokop. This road is undergoing extensive repairs, and the Turkish Government are constructing massive stone bridges to render a military advance towards Bulgaria more possible. The country to the north of Drama for a few miles is flat and then becomes mountainous. The district is well patrolled by Turkish troops and gendarmerie. One often passes outlying stations of police in the district, and a large escort of twenty or thirty men is provided for the safe keeping of the tourist.

The port of Kavala, which is distant some twenty miles from Drama, might form a possible landing-place for an enemy, but the line of advance towards the interior would be far more difficult than by way of the Maritza Valley.

Seres is the headquarters of the French section of the Macedonian gendarmerie, and is a large Turkish town.

The Arda is the chief river of the Rhodopes; it rises in the southern slopes of the Kara Balkan, or central range of the Rhodopes, and flows eastwards, joining the Maritza just above the town of Adrianople.

Practically no important rivers drain the range towards the south, the principal being the Mesta, which enters the sea about thirty miles east of Kavala; the Kuru Chai, entering the sea between Gumulgena and Xanthi; and the Yardimlu, which flows across the valley of Gumulgena to the eastward of that town, and enters the Ægean Sea almost due south of it.

The largest rivers draining the Eastern Rhodopes towards the north are the Sogudlu Dere Chai, which enters the Arda just east of Kerjali, and the Burgas Chai, rising in the Karlik Dagh, and entering the Arda still farther east. The Kizil Deli Chai rises in the Eastern Rhodopes, and enters the Maritza near Demotika.

The northern spur of the Eastern Rhodopes is drained by a few small streams which flow south and enter the Arda during its course, and also by streams running north towards the Maritza.

There are no lakes in the Eastern Rhodopes, and therefore the scenery of this neighbourhood is somewhat less varying than that of some of the Macedonian districts.

Some of the Turks retreated through the Rhodopes in January 1878, and in the same year others marched from Haskavo on the Russian line of communication at Hermanli.

The climate of the Rhodopes is good, and is a pleasant contrast to the somewhat feverish districts bordering on the sea.

Snow is prevalent, and generally lasts from the end of November until the beginning of April, and often appears earlier than the former date. I was warned that my passage of the range at the end of October might be barred by snow, but I luckily escaped it. The early morning is accompanied by mist and fog, and during my journey across the mountains I was scarcely ever able to see the summits of the peaks, and felt myself on the edge of a bitterly cold world of fog. I was able at times to look down on the valleys far below bedecked in the brightest sunshine.

Wood is exported from the hills; it is chiefly floated down the river Mesta to the Salonika line, or down the Kriema Su to the plains of Philippopolis. The eastern portions of the range

having been nearly denuded of forest do not export much timber.

The Eastern Rhodopes were settled with colonists from Asia Minor at the time of the first Turkish invasion in the fourteenth century. The people retain many of the peaceful habits of the people of Asia Minor, and their simplicity much resembles that of Abdul Hamid's Asiatic subjects.

The population is almost exclusively Moslem. I noticed no Greek priest; no church towers were dotted amongst the hills or nestled by the banks of the winding stream. A few Bulgarian villages lie isolated in the plain of Gumulgena, and are said to be the centre of the usual grievances.

It is extraordinary how few foreigners have penetrated this accessible region of Turkey during the last hundred years. Many have seen the glories of the distant mountains looking north from the Dédé-Agach-Salonika line, or facing south from the main route between Sofia and Adrianople. I believe I am one of the few Englishmen who have had the privilege of seeing the interior of the country which contains the eastern portions of this range. Certainly none of the inhabitants with whom I conversed remembered hearing of an Englishman travelling over the mountains from Gumulgena to Mastanli.

A Street at Gumulgena.

The Hotel at Gumulgena.

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After considerable thought, I decided to make Gumulgena my starting-point for Bulgaria, and to follow the road which led me through Mastanli and Kerjali into Bulgaria.

Gumulgena is the capital of the local district, and is governed by a Mutessarif (large District Governor), under the authority of the Vali of Adrianople. Its population is a mixed one. Including the many Greeks, it probably amounts to 20,000. The plan of the town is irregular, and, with the exception of the main street, most of the houses are surrounded by gardens. The streets are intersected by streams which are not bridged except for foot passengers.

Gumulgena possesses an important Greek church, which the priests showed to me with great pride; and also the remains of an old fort or citadel, from the walls of which you can obtain an extensive view over the adjacent valley.

The best hotel, if one may use so lordly a word to describe it, was kept by an obliging Greek. The rooms were clean, and the house possessed a shady balcony overlooking the principal stream of the town. The ground-floor was provided with a coffee-room, and was a sort of club for the Christian population; it was furnished with a bagatelle board and a billiard table of small dimensions.

Gumulgena lies at the foot of a mountain road, and is the outlet of trade from the neighbourhood. It is said to have a great annual fair; I was not, however, fortunate enough to be present on the day of this holiday.

The plain, taking its name from the town, is some fifteen miles wide, and extends from the sea-coast to the foot of the Rhodope Balkans—very fertile, it is chiefly cultivated for maize, corn, and some tobacco.

The fact that an Englishman wished to travel from the Ægean Sea over the Bulgarian frontier by road was regarded with the utmost suspicion, and more than usual difficulties were placed in my way. Fortunately for me, instructions had been sent from Adrianople that I was to be assisted and that my journey was to be made possible. Owing to this and to the natural inclination of all Turkish officials to push the undesirable tourist forward into some other sphere, I was, after a delay of two days, permitted to start towards Bulgaria.

The apparent cause of this delay was the difficulty of obtaining horses for the journey, which was believed by everyone to be very hard, rough, and unpleasant—few cared to undertake it. I had hired one lot during the day of my arrival at Gumulgena, but was later in the day thrown over

by their owners. I afterwards found that it was not intended I should start on the first day, owing probably to the fact that the officer who was to accompany me had not then arrived from Adrianople.

Being much annoyed at the compulsory delay at Gumulgena, I utilised the time in a visit to Xanthi. In order to make this journey to Xanthi, a distance of only some twenty miles by train, I was obliged to obtain permission from the Governor of Gumulgena, as my passport was already viséd for Kerjali. This official, however, kindly sent instructions to the police on duty at the station that I was to be allowed to go to Xanthi for the day, without a fresh visé on my passport.

I determined to leave Gumulgena early on the second day, and therefore ordered my caravan at dawn. The horses arrived only two hours late, and we were able to depart about 8 a.m.

My escort from Gumulgena was quite an imposing one, considering the peaceful state of the country. I was provided with a so-called officer, who was quite uneducated, and had been promoted from the ranks. I made the greatest effort to be pleasant to this worthy gentleman, as I felt myself in his hands; he accompanied us for two days, but on discovering that I seemed a fairly harmless

individual, left me to the safe keeping of his two underlings. I gave him no tip, rather to the horror of Pelligrini. The remainder of the guard consisted of the usual two zaptiehs dressed in dark blue pantaloons and rough blue Hussar tunics with orange braiding. They wear long riding-boots, and often overshoes, and are armed with the Martini rifle, which is generally slung across the back when travelling. The overcoat is made of rough blue cloth, sometimes lined with fur, and almost always provided with a cloth hood, which is freely used in wet or cold weather, and provides a welcome protection when put over the fez. Their horses, which they supply themselves, are small and of the mountain cob class. The saddlery and bridles with which these gendarmes equip themselves are not of good quality or in first-class order. The condition of all horses is wretched: you often find that some of them provided for your use have sore backs or are lame. Even should you take the precaution of inspecting them before you finally fix the bargain, you are probably unable to see more than one or two, and these even are perhaps exchanged for worse ones between the bargain and the final departure.

When the traveller is obliging, so is his escort. I have always found these men willing to help in

every possible way, and, although from the point of view of safety their presence is unnecessary in this part of Turkey, their company always ensures the best room in a village and a certainty that the muleteers or horse owners will be obliged to keep their contract, unless there is some excellent reason for breaking it. The escort, too, is most useful as a guide. Often the horse owners do not know the road well, or still more often the tourist leaves his baggage animals under the charge of their driver, and is grateful of the gendarme, who enables him to find the way with certainty in advance of the luggage.

An escort is provided for the comfort of the tourist free of cost by the Turkish Government, but it is usual to give two francs per day to each man for food and lodging and pocket-money whilst on the journey.

Half Gumulgena turned out to see us start. The military guard of a camp near by was, much to my astonishment, formed up, and I was uncertain whether this ceremony was performed as an honour to me or to the officer in charge of me; the latter, of course, said it was for me, so I received the salute as mine.

After leaving Gumulgena, the road runs across the plain, and after a gradual ascent passes the

ruins of an old castle, which once barred this route to the valley of the Arda. From this castle, which is at the summit of the first rise, one has a magnificent view over the Gumulgena Valley, backed by the blue line of the Ægean Sea. Turning east and west, one can see the picturesque Turkish hamlets lying in the valleys which run up past this hill, which projects into the valley beyond the main range of mountains.

For hours we marched on, sometimes in a deep wooded valley, sometimes on a rough road cut out of the hillside, one flank rising rock-like above us, the other dropping almost sheer down into a gorge. Now and then, when a valley widens out, one passes a few houses built of logs, the occupants of which cultivate the small fields surrounding them, which are often arranged in terraces one above the other.

The peak of Kartal Dagh lay on my left, or western side, throughout the first day's march, sometimes partly visible, sometimes entirely hidden in the clouds.

The lower portions of the mountains are covered with low oak bushes, sweet chestnuts, and beeches; the higher slopes are decked with scattered pine trees; the peaks, as far as one can discern when the fog rises for a few moments, are almost bare and rocky.

A Wooded Valley in the Rhodope Balkans.

The Highlands of the Rhodope Balkans.

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Now and then we passed parties of men cutting down the few remaining trees, or donkeys laden with small wood proceeding towards the plains. Sometimes little parties of police or soldiers are met marching south to Gumulgena, and sometimes a hut garrisoned by two or three policemen is passed.

After some eight or ten hours, the mountain road enters the valley of the Sogudlu River—in autumn a shallow muddy stream easily fordable, but which, later in the year, and lower in its course, becomes a rushing torrent. Before one enters this valley a road diverges and crosses the hills to Adrianople.

The hills are almost bare of houses, but on descending into this valley there are a few scattered picturesque wooden minarets marking the situations of Turkish hamlets in the distance.

I passed a night in one of these tiny hamlets; it was situated on uneven ground a few feet above the banks of the Sogudlu Chai. The number of houses was so limited—perhaps some fifteen—that it was quite difficult to obtain a room apart from the houses occupied by Turkish women, in the neighbourhood of which I was, of course, not allowed to sleep.

The people of the villages are quiet and

friendly to Europeans. I was astonished to find that my host, under whose roof I passed the night, was willing to partake of brandy, to which he and his brother freely helped themselves, much to the horror of Pelligrini, especially when they became intoxicated. They insisted on taking the greatest interest in me even when in bed.

These simple people, however, are always more than kind, and it is quite a wonder to see with what activity and willingness they produce their fowls, eggs, and milk for the consumption of the traveller. It is true that everything has its price, and that few Europeans have passed through this part of the interior of Turkey.

The route lies at times along the bank of the river Sogudlu, at times in the hills, until it finally enters the valley of Mastanli, where the stream spreads out over a wide bed of shingle, which has a considerable area on both banks devoted to cultivation. Homesteads are dotted about on either bank, the occupants of which devote their labours to the production of maize, barley, or of tobacco. This is the most fertile part of the country. The area of cultivated ground is only broken by the walls of a little white village or a slender minaret towering above the trees.

The only village of any note is Mastanli, from

THE SOGUDLU RIVER.

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which the valley takes its name. It lies close to the banks of the Sogudlu River. One discerns the village lying in the hollow far beneath the road, at some distance from it, and is much astonished that owing to the zigzags of the road it is a long while ere you reach it. Mastanli itself has only a population of some 1200 people. There is a fair-ground, and the place is surrounded by green orchards.

Shortly before reaching Mastanli, I met parties of Kutzo-Vlaks, who are a semi-nomad population, locally known as Karakachans, who build themselves dwellings in the hills in summer, and move down to the plains near Gumulgena and the mouth of the Maritza in winter. These people form parties of fifteen or twenty families, and migrate to the plains together.

In the valley of Mastanli I passed many goats and sheep. These animals are also sometimes visible from the higher portions of the road. Shortly after leaving Mastanli, I was much struck by meeting a caravan of camels; they were the only ones I have ever seen in Turkey in Europe.

I was much impressed by the work which the Turkish Government are carrying out all along this route to enable them to advance towards the Bulgarian frontier with all kinds of wheeled trans-

port. The people of the villages take little interest in it, and pretend to have no idea why the road is being constructed, although they are hopeful that it will improve their land by increasing the facilities for transport. The method of construction of this road is excellent, and the manner in which it is engineered is a marvel; you may notice it far below or above you, and wonder how you will reach the other level, and then find zigzags have been cut, rendering it quite easy.

I was able to have conversations with several intelligent Italian engineers, who spoke in French to me, or Italian to my interpreter, much to the rage of the Turkish officer who had been sent to watch over my movements. These gentlemen seemed glad to meet another foreigner and looked forward to the termination of their arduous work. They specially complained of fever contracted in the river valleys during the summer.

The reason for which the Turkish Treasury are most willing to provide money is to further some object likely to help in the defeat of Bulgaria in the not-far-distant war. The official at Constantinople and the local governor of a Turkish subdistrict naturally unite in their common hatred of these people.

The road passes over one very large bridge

BRIDGE ACROSS THE SOGUDLU RIVER

THE RIVER FROM THIS BRIDGE.

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some miles north of Mastanli,—it is indeed a wonder compared with its surroundings. The bridge is 100 yards long, and the iron girders of which it is built are supported on two stone piers some 45 feet above the Sogudlu Chai, which has now become a rapid mountain torrent. At the time of the year I passed, the river was practically unfordable for carriages.

I entered the valley of the Arda almost due south of Kerjali, and to avoid a circuitous route to the new bridge which spans the gorge some miles above the town, I forded the river. The current flows rapidly, and even in October the ford was difficult and deep. The bed is wide and very stony, as are also its adjacent banks. One can see the remains of the old stone bridge which has been washed away by the strong winter torrents.

Kerjali is the seat of the local government, and lies on the north bank of the river, which after passing through many gorges flows into the Kerjali Valley. Kerjali is the last military station before arriving at the Bulgarian frontier, and is the head-quarters of the troops which provide garrisons for the neighbouring block-houses.

I had arranged to take my horses and mules from Gumulgena direct to Haskavo, in Bulgaria, and had obtained special permission for this from

the Vali of Adrianople. When I arrived at Kerjali, however, it was only too apparent that the horses which the police had taken for me by force at Gumulgena were quite unable to proceed any farther without some considerable rest. I was therefore obliged to obtain fresh ones.

The attractions of Kerjali were not sufficient to warrant any delay. The place is terribly dirty, the houses being mostly built of wood, and the rooms overrun with vermin. The inhabitants were as usual much amused to see the preparations that were necessary before I could sleep. I invariably took the precaution of removing all the bedding except the hard straw mattress. This I well covered with Keating's powder, and spread my blankets at the last moment. The only remaining thing to be done was to pull the bed well away from the wall; this, as at Kerjali, often proved a difficult task, as the rooms are always full of beds. The Eastern hotel proprietor is much surprised when he is forced to provide a complete room for one traveller, as the usual demand is, "Yatak varme?" ("Have you beds?"); and therefore he crowds as many beds as possible into one room.

It is far more agreeable to travel with tents, but at a late season of the year the nights are cold, especially in the higher villages, and also more

THE ARDA VALLEY, NEAR KERJALI.

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servants and transport are required to undertake the camp and cooking arrangements. It is, however, far more comfortable to sleep in the empty room of a village cottage than in a so-called hotel of one of the smaller towns in the interior of Turkey.

Thanks to the kindness of my hotel proprietor at Gumulgena, I was the happy possessor of a letter of introduction to a Greek merchant at Kerjali, on whom I called immediately after my arrival. This gentleman promised to return my visit during the evening and drink coffee. Needless to say, he was afraid to keep his promise, especially as I was provided by the Governor of the town with a Turkish soldier to act as an orderly at my hotel. This man was, of course, told off for my use to see who dared to come and talk to me.

Kerjali is, from its geographical position, very much cut off from the outside world. Nearly all the rivers of the Eastern Rhodopes run north into the valley of the Arda. The Arda runs east and joins the river Maritza near Adrianople, and therefore, from dint of necessity, trade follows its course and gains access to the Ægean Sea by the valley of the Maritza. Perhaps the new road from Gumulgena, probably by this time completed and

passable for strong wheeled traffic, will alter this state of things.

My journey north from the valley of the Arda was an extremely cold but most exhilarating one. We crossed the northern branch of the eastern end of the Rhodope Balkans, which forms the natural barrier between Turkey and Bulgaria.

Many hours of riding bring the traveller to the summit of the pass, from which, turning to the south, he can view the valley of the Arda, with its hamlets marked by minarets, and facing north the double line of huts and posts which form the frontier of Turkey and Bulgaria. The villages, however, on this part of the road are few and small and at a great distance apart; the country is bare and almost uncultivated.

Passing from one country to the other is a somewhat interesting experience. I was met at the Turkish guard-house by a soldier, and, thanks to the hospitality of the officials, was taken to a comfortable room to await the arrival of my more slowly moving pack-horses. All baggage should by rule be searched before it leaves the country, but my declaration that I had no goods liable to export duty was accepted, and my horses were not unloaded—a fortunate occurrence for me, as owing to wrong information which I was acci-

dentally given at Kerjali, I had not left that town early enough in the morning to allow me any spare time.

At the frontier I was obliged to bid farewell to the two zaptiehs who had formed the escort from Kerjali. In exchange for these two mounted men, I was provided with a very old man on foot, who walked at the pace of about two miles per hour as far as the Bulgarian guard-house, distant more than a mile. On more than one occasion I endeavoured to leave this venerable gentleman to his own devices, but as the road was extremely hard to find, I was ignominiously obliged to again entrust myself to him. Pelligrini, too, was unable to advance at any rapid speed for fear of parting company with his horse.

Much to my annoyance, as the day was fast drawing in and it was bitterly cold, I was informed by the Bulgarian guard at their frontier post that I must proceed to Mandra, a Bulgarian village situated considerably off my direct route to Haskavo, but, nevertheless, possessed of a custom-house. Mandra seemed a very long way, although it took a bare hour to reach it from the frontier. Once arrived at the village, it was pleasant to receive a hearty welcome from its officials, who were expecting me, having been warned by their

Diplomatic Agent at Adrianople to grant me a free passage into the country at any point I might require it. Had my exact place of arrival been certain, I should have been met at the frontier and saved the annoyance of leaving my direct route and going some miles out of the way. I was, under the circumstances, allowed to proceed without any inspection of my luggage.

I was at once provided with a mounted policeman to escort me to Haskavo. This man formed a great contrast to the poorly clad, ill-mounted and unpleasant looking men who performed his duty in the Ottoman Dominions. The Bulgarian orderly was smart, clean, tidily dressed and well mounted, and above all other welcome qualities he seemed pleased to perform his duty, and refused to accept any tip for so doing.

Much of the route between the frontier and Haskavo, a journey taking some three hours, is flanked by scrubby trees; the remainder is over a well-cultivated plain. I noticed a picturesque old castle, which in olden days guarded a ford through which I rode.

The only disappointment in my whole journey was the lack of game. I had provided myself with a gun, but obtained hardly any shooting. One could occasionally hear the well-known voice of a

partridge, but still more seldom was a covey of these birds disturbed. Without dogs and people who knew the ground and the habits of the birds, to attempt to shoot was almost hopeless. These birds, in addition, were always hidden in the low oak scrub, which proved a most difficult and unpleasant area in which to walk.

You cannot help noticing the difference of methods prevailing in the two countries which border the Rhodope Balkans. The Bulgarian plain is dotted with numbers of small farms, the land comparatively well cultivated and the villages orderly; whilst Turkey is just sufficiently tilled to provide a livelihood for its inhabitants.

The town of Haskavo, with a population of probably some 15,000 or 20,000, is possessed of a clean hotel. The rooms are primitive but decent, and there is a kind of coffee-room where food may be obtained. The Governor of the town, who was expecting me, did all he could to be obliging and kind, and even insisted on accompanying me to the station, a distance of some ten miles, to see me off by the 9 a.m. train for Sofia. Needless to say, I felt highly gratified by the honour of the company of this important official, but as he was unable to speak more than a few words of Turkish, and no French, conversation was most difficult.

The carriages even were a contrast to those in Turkey. I obtained quite easily a small travelling landau, which comfortably took His Excellency, Pelligrini, and myself to the station, besides the luggage, which was strapped on behind. We trotted along a firm, hard, turnpike road, and but for the absence of motor cars and the openness of the country, I might have imagined it was an English thoroughfare.

The land north of Haskavo is mainly devoted to the cultivation of maize and corn, which is forwarded by rail from Haskavo Station.

The Governor insisted on waiting at the station till the train arrived, and handed me over to the guard as a distinguished foreigner for safe keeping on my journey to Sofia.

CHAPTER VIII

Mohammedanism and its Effect

The influence which Islam has on its professors and on the institutions of the country in general renders it necessary to give a brief and simple outline of this faith. Mohammedans call their religion Al Islam, or Islam, which means "entire resignation to God."

The principles of Islam were first laid down in portions of the Koran as they were dictated piecemeal by Mohammed to his immediate companions, and produced as a whole in the Koran by Othman, the third Caliph, about 654 A.D., twenty-two years after Mohammed's death.

Mohammedanism rapidly drove out all other forms of religion, and is, as we know, now professed by the Arabians and a large proportion of the Asiatic and African races.

Mohammed, the founder of this religion, was, of course, born in 570 or 571 A.D., at Mecca. He belonged to the tribe of the Quraish. His father,

Abdullah, was the son of Hashim, who was actually in charge of the Kaaba, the Pantheon of the whole of Arabia.

When a child, Mohammed was left an orphan, and was brought up by his uncle. At twenty-five years of age Mohammed entered the service of a rich widow named Khadijah, whom he afterwards married. He travelled to Busra, sixty miles south-east of the Sea of Galilee, twice on business, and visited Aleppo and Damascus. Thus he had an opportunity of acquainting himself with both Jews and Christians, and gaining a superficial knowledge of their religions.

Up to the age of about forty Mohammed was a comparatively little known man. Then he became a public speaker, and began to preach his new religion. His first adherent was his wife, who always encouraged him, and the next his cousin Ali. Naturally enough, he, like the promulgators of all new faiths, became unpopular, and met with the greatest opposition at Mecca, especially among his own family and the tribe of the Quraish. These tribesmen were the great supporters of the old religion.

This opposition compelled Mohammed to leave Mecca, and he took refuge in the town of Yatrib, or Medina, where he had already made many

friends and adherents. This flight of the Prophet from Mecca to Medina is called the Hejira. It took place in 622 A.D. From that flight dates the Mohammedan era.

In the second year of the Hejira Mohammed declared war against Mecca, and defeated the tribe of Quraish at Badr; and from that moment, suffering but few reverses, Mohammed, the efficient preacher, was a successful conqueror. His death took place at Medina in the year 632 A.D.

One great feature distinguishing Mohammedanism from Christian religions is the worldly success of its founder. Had Christianity been connected with any particular form of government, it could never have attained the success which it has now attained. Mohammed was a successful man from a temporal point of view, and was considered by all whom he met to be a Cæsar and Pope combined. We need not pursue the parallel, which is obvious to every reader; we need not recall how the Founder of Christianity fared in this respect.

The Koran, which embodies the Mohammedan doctrines, is held in as great veneration by Moslems as is the Old Testament by the Jews, and the Old and New Testaments by Christians. It is thought to have been preserved in the highest heaven till the time of Mohammed, when it was, according

to the Mohammedan creed, sent down to the lowest celestial sphere, and thence revealed in parts by the Angel Gabriel. The Koran is regarded as the final instruction for Moslems, and its words are literally accepted by them as law. The Sacred Book, however little its language is actually understood by the ignorant Turks, has thus an important influence on the condition of the Turkish Empire, and may largely account for its unprogressive character.

Mohammed utilised the Koran in the hope of improving the religion and morals of the people among whom he dwelt, and he doubtless succeeded in this. The Koran, as it is assumed to be of Divine inspiration, permits of no doubt in its teaching, and no change even in its phraseology. Though the religion of Mohammed may be an excellent influence in converting and drilling savage nations, it is most difficult of acceptance by those who would live at peace with their neighbours, should those neighbours profess another faith. Much of the Koran was dictated by Mohammed during his conflicts with his neighbours. This perhaps explains the frequent exhortations to kill those who fight against Mohammedanism. These exhortations were meant with reference to the events of the moment, but as the Mohammedan

of to-day accepts the words of the Koran literally, these passages permit, or certainly excuse, hostility between Mohammedans and the other subjects of the Sultan.

There are, in addition to the Koran, the Hadīs, or "Traditions." These represent what the Prophet Mohammed did and said during his life-time, and though nothing that is contrary to the spirit or teaching of the Koran is allowed to be taught by or practised under these Traditions, it is to these Hadis that we must largely refer for Mohammedan law. The Traditions were collected about two hundred and fifty years after the Hejira. The Daily Ritual is entirely founded on the Traditions.

As an analogous case we have the Talmud, which governs the customs and practices of modern Jews, but is only really explanatory of the Old Testament.

The religion of Mohammed is divided into two parts, namely, "Faith" and "Practice."

Faith consists in the belief of six articles :—

1. The Unity of God.
2. The Angels.
3. The Inspiration of the Koran.
4. The Inspired Prophets.
5. The Day of Judgment.
6. The Decrees of God, or Kismet.

Practice consists in :—

1. The recital of the Creed, " There is only one God, and Mohammed is His prophet."
2. The Five stated Periods of Prayer.
3. The Thirty Days' Fast in the month of Ramazan.
4. The Payment of Zakat (alms).
5. The Hajj, or Pilgrimage to Mecca.

It is also forbidden to eat the flesh of swine or drink wine.

The man who accepts the articles and carries out these practices is a " believer," he who does not is an " infidel."

Let us consider the doctrines of Faith very shortly. The Mohammedan religion permits of no belief in the Trinity, and therefore it is necessary for every follower to pray to the Deity direct. There is no mediator between God and man, and every man must work out his own salvation.

Belief in the angels is the second point in the Mohammedan creed. They are considered of less importance than human prophets, as they are told in the Koran to prostrate themselves before Adam. Like the Israelites, every true believer is held to have two angels who watch over him : one notes his bad actions, and the other his good actions. There are also two angels who are in charge of all

the dead in their graves, and examine them as to their belief after burial. If a dead person has been a good Mohammedan, he will be able to answer the questions satisfactorily; if he has been bad, he will not be able to pass over the Jisr, that famous bridge which leads to Paradise.

Mohammed does not claim to be more than a human man. He is not held to be the only messenger from God or the only prophet, but to be the greatest and last of them. Moslems reverence Christ and Moses and Abraham only next after Mohammed.

Mohammed does not claim to have actually invented a new religion, but to have continued the religion of Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, and of Jesus. He says that God sent numerous apostles into the world. The revelations of these apostles are believed to have been lost, but all that is necessary for man's guidance is claimed to have been preserved in the Koran, although as a matter of fact, as I have mentioned above, a large amount of the teaching of the religion of Islam comes from the Traditions. Mohammedan Tradition asserts that 124,000 prophets have come from God and 314 apostles, of whom six have special prominence, namely, Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus (the Spirit of God), Mohammed (the Apostle of

God). Abraham and Jesus are both reverenced by "true believers," and Abraham, Moses, and Jesus are mentioned in their prayers. However, for all practical purposes of religion, Mohammed is the only person who need be considered.

We see that the Mohammedan religion is a kind of compromise between those who surrounded the Prophet at the time of his revelation. The Hajj, or pilgrimage to Mecca, is actually a relic of the heathen religion. The fast during the month of Ramazan may have been taken from the Christian and Jewish religions. Mohammed had many Jewish friends at Medina, and therefore their religion may have given him some of the Old Testament ideas, which he embodied in the Koran.

The doctrine of the Day of Judgment, which has its foundation in Judaism and Christianity, is very real to Mohammedans, who believe in the world to come, and are willing to sacrifice earthly pleasures to make certain of it. Mohammedans believe that non-Moslems are not admitted to Paradise, whilst all Moslems must go to the good place sooner or later. Some may have to pass through a more or less lengthy Purgatory, but eventually will arrive in Paradise. All martyrs go direct to Heaven; by martyrs are meant all those who die fighting against the "infidel." This

theory harmonises well with the spirit of a military nation. As the Turks make little distinction between non-Mohammedan subjects of the Sultan and a foreign enemy, they despise their fellow-subjects and think little of the sanctity of their lives. It is certainly difficult for a Moslem to believe that a Mohammedan is in the wrong in any quarrel with a Christian, whether it be big or small.

No doctrine of Islam regulates the nature of the Mohammedan more than the belief in the "decrees" of God, or "Kismet." It is the teaching of true Mohammedanism that the actions of men are regulated by Fate. It is believed that on the night of Leilatu-l-berat, or "Night of Decrees," the angels receive some warning of the fate that will befall their charges during the coming year. The good Moslem, therefore, considers that his best efforts may be marred by the will of God, or that his idleness will be rewarded according to the will of Fate. It is therefore useless to take precautions against disease or even death, or to avert disaster, and obedience to accepted laws of human progress is often regarded as futile. This idea runs through almost the whole of private and official Turkish life. Therefore, to put off an evil day is the theory of all Mohammedans. This theory largely governs the policy of the

Ottoman Government, which is always to avoid reform, and also partly explains the indifference and sloth of its officialdom.

Turning to the practices which every Mohammedan is bound to perform, I will only give a very short outline of each, and the manner in which it is carried out.

It is necessary, first, for every Mohammedan to constantly recite the creed, which says, "There is only one God, and Mohammed is His Prophet." This creed is fully believed by Mohammedans. The first part is held by them to have been the creed since the time of Adam, and the second part is believed to have been changed according to the period. For instance, in the time of Moses the creed would have read, "There is only one God, and Moses is His Prophet," or, in the Christian times, "There is only one God, and Jesus is His Prophet." The whole creed as it stands does not occur in the Koran, but the two parts occur in different passages of the Holy Book, and the creed constantly occurs in the Traditions.

The five stated periods of prayer form one of the most important of the practical parts of the Mohammedan religion. These times are approximately at sunrise, noon, when the sun begins to set, at sunset, and two hours after sunset. The

Muezzin mounts the minaret of the mosque just before these hours, and in a very melodious voice calls the people to prayer. It is indeed a curious experience to be in a Mohammedan town and hear the Muezzins of the many mosques begin their chants in various notes, which differ a moment or two as to the time of commencing. This sound is particularly musical if one happens to be housed in a room attached to the mosque and it comes from directly above you. All good Mohammedans pray at these appointed times, it being specially praiseworthy to enter a mosque for the purpose; if this is impossible, solitary prayer should be performed. I have seen a Pasha and a Hammal (porter) enter the mosque together in response to the Muezzin's call, and take their places side by side. There are, of course, no reserved places in the mosque. Prayers are most regularly said by all devout Moslems. I have myself often seen the pious man kneeling on the narrow seat of a full railway carriage, trying to prostrate himself; and I have seen him descending with his prayer-rug, and washing his feet, hands, and face, before performing his religious duty, when the train is stationary.

The shoes are removed and left at the mosque door, or, if prayer is offered up in the open, placed

behind the worshipper. The face, hands, and feet should invariably be washed before prayers are said. Prayer at railway stations is often cut short by time. The people are, of course, warned by the officials of the immediate departure of the train, and they are obliged to run, carrying their rugs, and sometimes shoes, in order to gain their compartments in time. I myself had often to wait to resume my cross-country journeys until prayers were over and the devout coachman was ready to harness his horses. I have seen a man, earnest in prayer, rise straight up and bolt out of the Han to meet and unload my baggage. All this is common in the East, where prayer is part of the day's occupation for devout believers.

The fast of thirty days is carried out in the month of Ramazan, which is the ninth month of the Mohammedan year. The word is derived from "Ramz," which means "to burn." The month is said to be so called either because, before the change of the calendar, it occurred in hot weather, or because a month's fasting is said to burn away the sins of men. The whole month is observed as a strict fast from dawn until sunset of each day.

The observance of this month is perhaps the custom most remarkable to Europeans of all the

practices of the Moslem religion. It was much encouraged by Mohammed, who said that during Ramazan "the gates of Paradise are open, and the gates of Hell are shut, and the devils are chained by the leg."

The instructions concerning Ramazan are contained in the Koran. From dawn until dark neither food nor drink is allowed to pass the lips of the pious Mohammedan, nor is he permitted to smoke. Those who are on a journey or sick may fast at some other time; "and as for those who are able to keep it and yet break it, the expiation of this shall be the maintenance of a poor man."

The fast begins from when some Mussulman has seen the new moon, and if it is cloudy and the moon invisible, from the expiration of the thirtieth day after the commencement of the new moon of the previous month. The fast must be kept by every Moslem, except young children and those on a journey of more than three days, and by certain women.

During Ramazan twenty additional Rikats, or prayers, are repeated after the evening service, and sermons are often preached. Devout Moslems seclude themselves in the mosques for a large part of the day during Ramazan and devote their time to reading the Koran; the periods of prayer are

much more strictly adhered to than at other seasons.

The Leilatu-l-Qadr, or the "Night of Power," was said by Mohammed to be either on the 21st or 23rd or 25th or 27th or 29th of the month of Ramazan. It is believed that it was on this night that the Koran came down complete to the lowest heaven, whence it was revealed by Gabriel in portions as the occasion merited it. The wonders of this night are innumerable. All these nights are considered very important, but the chief night is observed on the 27th day of the month. This is the greatest night of prayer in the Mohammedan year. The mosques are crowded to overflowing, and, as I relate elsewhere, St. Sophia at Constantinople is indeed a wonderful spectacle during the evening service.

As I have mentioned, it is probable that Mohammed got his idea of a thirty days' fast from the Christian Lent, which was extremely strict in the Eastern Church. Mohammed considered he was setting an easy task to his followers; this may be because feasting at night is permitted. It is common for Mohammedans to have dinner parties in Ramazan and to sit up a large part of the night. Those who can afford it make merry all night and sleep most of the day, the idea being

to shorten the discomfort as much as possible. The fast is most strictly kept, more especially by the country people. During Ramazan the minarets of the mosques are all brilliantly illuminated with fairy lamps. Those who are too poor to pass their time in sleep and idleness find, it difficult to work during a day of fast after their night's festivity, and one notices their careworn faces towards each evening. The amount of work done by a Mohammedan during Ramazan is as little as possible, and it is an extremely bad season of the year for transacting any business.

As the Mohammedan year is eleven days less than the solar year, the month of Ramazan arrives eleven days earlier each year. In summer the task of the fast is especially arduous, owing to the length and heat of the day. It is also particularly difficult for those who are making journeys of less than three days to keep the fast, and you cannot fail to greatly admire those who faithfully do it under the most trying circumstances. Should a man be especially pious and be on a long journey, he is considered to have done a very good act by voluntarily keeping the fast.

A journey during Ramazan is far from a pleasant one. The Christian is more than ever regarded as an intruder. It is extremely difficult to arrange

to start early in the morning; yet, as I know from experience, the day's work should be finished before sunset to allow the Mohammedans to prepare their food. In addition to these difficulties, you are constantly awakened during the night by the sound of feasting. In Constantinople the night is disturbed by singing and merriment; and before dawn the sound of big guns and drums, which arouse the pious Moslem in order that he may eat his last meal before dawn, adds to the discomfort of the couch.

I have often felt ashamed of eating before Mohammedans when on a journey, and more ashamed still when I have seen some thoughtless Christians parading the streets of Stambul smoking their cigarettes and tantalising the pious Moslems.

I have often stood in Stambul and been immensely impressed by the Mohammedan preparing his cigarette, and even getting the matches ready, before the sound of the sunset-gun is audible, and his relief when at last he is free to smoke is markedly apparent. One can see the Mohammedans buying cakes and other food on the Constantinople Bridge before sunset, in order that they may waste no time when at last they may eat a well-deserved supper.

The payment of Zakat, or alms, is a religious

duty incumbent on every Moslem who has been in possession of his "nisab" for a year. The "nisab," or fixed amount of property on which alms are due, varies on the different kinds of property possessed. Zakat is not due from men who have debts equal to, or greater than, the value of their whole property, nor upon the necessities of life, such as dwelling-houses, books for learning, or clothes.

Alms are not due on animals which are artificially fed and do not live on pasturage for the greater part of the year. Zakat on animals does not begin until the owner is possessed of a certain number, the tax then varying according to the animal and the use for which it is kept. The alms are not always paid on animals in their own kind; for example, on a few camels a goat or sheep is given, and not a camel.

Zakat for gold and silver and merchandise is a fixed percentage of the value after a minimum sum has been reached. Upon everything produced on the earth there is a tax of one-tenth, except wood, bamboo, and grass. Land watered artificially only pays a tithe of one-twentieth.

Zakat is either collected by a man appointed for that purpose, or a taxpayer on making a declaration on oath as to the value of his property, is to be believed, and may distribute his own alms.

There are seven kinds of persons or objects upon whom Zakat may be bestowed :—

1. "Faqirs," or poor men who have not sufficient property to constitute a "nisab."
2. Persons who have no property at all.
3. The collector of Zakat.
4. Slaves.
5. Debtors.
6. Religious warfare, or in the service of God.
7. Travellers called Musafirs.

The Koran contains definite instructions concerning the Hajj, or pilgrimage to Mecca, which every pious Mohammedan must make once in his lifetime, provided he has sufficient money to pay the expenses of the journey and to support his family in his absence. I have arrived in towns in the interior of Turkey and found the Governor gone to Mecca and his business being carried on by a deputy.

Some Moslems perform the pilgrimage by proxy, but it is less meritorious than actually performing the Hajj personally ; it is a very worthy act to pay the expenses of a man who otherwise could not afford to make a pilgrimage. If a woman performs the journey, which is a pious action on her part, she must be accompanied by her husband or some very near relative.

The pilgrimage must be made in order to arrive in time to carry out the ceremony in the first ten days of Zilhigé, the twelfth month of the year. For the same reason as I gave above, the month of Zilhigé, of course, arrives eleven days earlier every year.

A man who has performed the Hajj retains the title of Hajji as an honour, and wears a green turban or cloth round his fez.

I have attempted to show that the main influence of the Mohammedan religion is conservative; at the same time it is individual. There is practically no recognised priesthood. The prayers of the poor man are as important as anyone else's. The Mohammedan must justify himself before the Almighty. The Imam simply leads the prayers. However, at important mosques he is generally an official belonging to the establishment. This has induced people, who are not sufficiently informed, to speak about a "Mohammedan clergy," which in reality does not exist as yet. A Khoja simply means a learned man or schoolmaster. A Mufti is a still more learned man, whom the Cadi, or judge, consults when he is not sure of a legal point. From what I say concerning the non-existence of any clergy, it will be readily understood that the sermon preached at the mosque after prayers is not delivered by any formal priest, and that anybody

who feels his "spirit moved," or in other words feels himself sufficiently capable of doing so, may preach. This rather reminds one of the Quakers, who of course preach or pray as the spirit moves them. This practice is really of much significance, as politics are often introduced and discussed in these addresses. When I was in Constantinople considerable uneasiness was caused in the diplomatic world by the discourses that were delivered in the mosques against the European Powers, who were threatening Turkey with the international occupation of Mitylene.

Islam preaches sobriety, and although many of the rich Mohammedans in Constantinople may drink, the peasants and soldiers and poorer Turks practically never touch alcohol. I have, in my several journeys in Turkey in Europe and in Asia Minor, only known two cases of drunkenness amongst Mohammedans, and I regret to say it was caused by my offering them some brandy.

The position assigned to women in the Mohammedan religion is perhaps, in many respects, a bad one, but it must be remembered that this treatment was not invented by Mohammed and that it was an ancient Arabian or Oriental practice. However, the usual idea of the position of women in the East is a misunderstood and exaggerated one. With

TURKISH LADIES WITH THEIR YASHMAKS RAISED.

A TURKISH CEMETERY IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

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the exception of the fact that a Mohammedan woman has no free intercourse with any man except her husband, I would almost say that she has as much freedom of motion as the European woman. When she has once put on her yashmak, she can come and go when she chooses; she may even pass her husband without his knowing her. Rich houses have often two entrances, one for the gentlemen and their friends, and the other for the ladies and their friends. Life in a Turkish harem is naturally largely dependent on the education which the woman has received. If she has been educated by a foreign governess, which many ladies of high rank certainly were until a few years ago (I think the Sultan has now tried to put an end to the practice), the harem-life must be most irksome: several ladies have indeed escaped from Turkey in order to live as free women abroad. If, however, a Turkish woman knows nothing different, her life in a harem is not so unpleasant as it appears to the Western mind. There are several European women in the Turkish harems. I know of one English lady and one French lady who have married Turks and observe to a great extent the Mohammedan customs.

Ladies of the Turkish harem are often visited by a foreign doctor, in whom they gradually place

great confidence. I have been told by a man who has attended them that they soon become quite natural, and generally receive the doctor entirely unveiled, or, at all events, with only the crown of their heads partially draped.

Perhaps the one and only occasion when a Mohammedan sees unveiled ladies who are not his near relatives is at his wedding. A friend of mine (a very distinguished authority on Eastern questions) has given me a description of a grand Mohammedan wedding, at which he performed the duties of "best man" for an intimate Mohammedan friend of his. When a Mohammedan desires to be married, or to obtain the hand of any particular lady, he goes to a woman who is known by the title of the "Adjuça" (a sort of official agent for marriages). This woman either tries to arrange a suitable match or to obtain the hand of the desired lady; she is, of course, paid for her services.

The day before the wedding at which my friend assisted, he and the bridegroom rode out into the country and slept the night in a Turkish inn. The next morning they returned to the town and interviewed a Mullah, or learned man in the law and religion, who gave them instructions for the ceremony. Arrived at the door of the bride's

house, the best man knocked, and the door was opened by the Adjuça. The best man, as one of his duties, pushed the bridegroom forcibly into the house, and then retired a little distance to await the conclusion of the marriage ceremony. As to the ceremonial in the house, my friend was dependent on the word of the bridegroom and on the information conveyed to him by some European ladies who were invited to the wedding.

The bridegroom entered a large chamber in which were assembled the ladies of the place who were of the same position as the bride. The ladies were all unveiled and dressed in their best costumes, and most of them wore handsome jewellery. The bride, who was the only veiled lady, was then led out into the middle of the room, whence she was conducted by her future husband to a small adjoining apartment, where she prepared him a cigarette and gave him coffee. The bridegroom then raised the lady's veil and saw her face for the first time, and they at once returned together to the large room. If the bridegroom approves of his lady, he then throws handfuls of small coins to the company of ladies, who scramble for them as lucky charms. In the wedding which I am describing the bridegroom forgot to do this, and had almost left the house, when both he and my

friend heard a wail of despair from the company, who considered that the lady was not accepted because no coins had been thrown. The bridegroom was obliged to return and distribute the coins, which he actually had ready in his pockets. This brief ceremony is the form for a Mohammedan wedding, and the lady, later on, is brought to her husband's house.

Mohammedanism is only divided into two sects. One is the Sunnites, who accept Abu Bekr, Omar, Othman, and Ali, the first four Caliphs. The other the Shiites, who say Ali is the only rightful successor of the Prophet, and hence reject the three others. The Shiites are the Persians. Nearly the whole of the remainder of the Mohammedan world, including the Indian Mohammedans, are Sunnites.

It is perfectly impossible to leave any sketch of the Mohammedan religion without saying how extremely devout its followers are. The religious beliefs are carried into real life, and might in this way prove an example to many Europeans.

CHAPTER IX

The Turks

In the present day the name "Turk" when mentioned in the Ottoman Dominions generally denotes a Mohammedan who speaks the Turkish language. But if you say to a Mohammedan in Turkey, "Are you a Turk?" he is offended, and probably answers, "I am Osmanli," or the Turkish equivalent of these words. An Osmanli Turk if he says a man is a Turk would mean that he was a lout or a clodhopper.

The word "Osmanli" should correctly be only applied to a descendant of the tribe of Osman, but it is often roughly given to all Turks of the present day. It is, however, quite apparent many of them, especially in Asia Minor, are descended from the Seljuk Turks of Konia, who made their appearance long before we hear of the Osmanlis.

It is necessary to give some history of the Turks who now inhabit the Ottoman Dominions, in order to fully understand anything about Turkey

as it appears to-day, and if my account is rather disjointed it is because I have endeavoured to burden my readers with as few facts, names, and dates as possible.

Between the years 200 and 600 A.D. the Turks came Westward from Eastern Asia, and were brought in contact with various warlike tribes in Persia ; Persia was conquered by Mohammedanism, and became a subject state of the Caliphate in 639 A.D., only seven years after the death of the Prophet. The Turks came face to face with Mohammedanism, but instead of fighting with it they embraced Islam and entered the service of the Caliphs.

The Seljuk Turks, whose home was probably in Central Asia, first appear under that name about the year 1050. They also embraced Mohammedanism, and came to the assistance of the Abbaside Caliph, who had then become weak, and in about 1055 the Seljukians entered Bagdad and assumed the temporal power of the Caliph. The Seljuks being now masters of the Mohammedan world, and proceeding in the name of the Caliph and with the title of Sultan, made great conquests, including Asia Minor, and the Seljukian Empire passed through periods of prosperity and adversity.

About the beginning of the thirteenth century the Mongols overran the Mohammedan world, and having defeated the Seljuk Sultan in 1243, conquered Bagdad and killed the last of the Abbaside Caliphs in 1258.

It was against the Seljukian kingdom that the Crusades were waged to enable the Christians to visit the Holy Sepulchre.

During these struggles between Mongols and Seljuks we first hear of the Ottoman Turks, who appeared during the reign of the Sultan Ala-ed-din, between 1219 and 1236 A.D. The tribe of Oghouz Turks left their settlements in Khorassan, in Eastern Persia, and moved Westwards (probably to escape extermination at the hands of the Mongols) under Solyman, and dwelt for a time in Armenia. After a few years they left this country, and were following the course of the Euphrates towards Syria, when Solyman was accidentally drowned. The greater part of the tribe then dispersed, but a remnant of it remained under Ertoghrul and Dundar, the two sons of Solyman. These leaders determined to seek a home under the Seljuk Sultan Ala-ed-din, who ruled at Konia.

About the middle of the thirteenth century this band of about four hundred families was journeying Westwards from the upper valleys of the Euphrates,

under the leadership of Ertoghrul, which means the "Right-Hearted Man." As they moved through Asia Minor from Erzeroum, where they had first established themselves, legend relates that Ertoghrul came in sight of a battle in the valley below him, and without knowing who the combatants were, he decided to help the weaker side. This he is said to have done, and in so doing to have turned the tide of the battle. The two competing armies were those of the Sultan Ala-ed-din and a host of Mongols. Ertoghrul by his action delivered Ala-ed-din from the hands of his deadliest enemy, and was rewarded by being made ruler of the province in Asia Minor surrounding the present town of Eski-shehr.

Othman, son of Ertoghrul, is regarded as the founder of the Osmanli race. His name in Turkish is pronounced Osman, instead of Othman. He succeeded Ertoghrul in 1288.

Othman (who in future I will call Osman) rapidly increased his kingdom, enlarging it chiefly Westwards. By the close of the thirteenth century his headquarters had advanced nearly as far northwest as Brusa. Osman is held by the historian, Sir Edward Creasy, to have first caused prayers to be said in his name and coined money with his own effigy about the year 1299. These two

facts are held by Oriental nations to demonstrate royalty. The last prince of the family of Ala-ed-din was now dead, and Osman considered himself a free and no longer a vassal ruler.

Osman, against the wish of his advisers (especially of his aged uncle Dundar, whom he shot personally in 1299), decided to go on with his policy of conquest, and extended his kingdom northwards towards the Black Sea and westwards towards Brusa. This town was captured by Orkhan, son of Osman, in 1326, and in the same year Osman died, having just lived long enough to hear of the capture of Brusa by his son. He was buried by his own special wish at Brusa.

With the sword of Osman, the Sultan of Turkey is still invested on his accession to the throne. Osman is generally considered the first Sultan of his race, but neither he nor his two immediate successors assumed more than the title of Emir ("Prince" in Arabic). Orkhan died in 1360.

It is not possible here to give a history of the Turkish Sultans from the death of Osman until the present date; let those who wish to read it study Sir Edward Creasy's excellent volume, or Von Hammer's *History of the Ottoman Empire*. It is sufficient here to give one or two important dates.

In the year 1356 Sulieman Pasha, Orkhan's

eldest son, crossed the Dardanelles, and shortly afterwards seized Gallipoli. Orkhan made the most important military changes. He, on his brother's advice, created a standing army of cavalry and infantry, and formed the famous corps of Janissaries.

About 1361 Murad I. captured Adrianople and made it the capital of the Ottoman Dominions, which it continued to be until the fall of Constantinople, after a fifty-three days' siege, on May 29, 1453. The power of the Turks in Europe gradually increased until 1683, when they besieged Vienna. Since this date the strength of the Osmanlis in Europe has decreased, and their almost continual menace has been the attacks and threats of Russia.

The Turks are still at Constantinople, and are likely to remain there. For centuries the Ottoman Empire has been said to be declining, for centuries it has continued to exist, and until circumstances are changed is likely to exist. There are two important reasons why this Empire still lives on in spite of all opposition: first, because the Christian Powers with their diverse interests in Turkey cannot agree upon who the Turkish Sultan's successor should be, or whom they should establish at Constantinople, and they therefore merely object

to his methods of government, but do not attempt to depose him; and secondly, because the Christian subjects of the Sultan do not agree amongst themselves.

As long as the Christian subjects of the Sultan continue to murder one another in Turkey, and especially in Macedonia, they cannot obtain the support of the combined Great Powers. As soon as the Christians live at peace with one another, and can prove that they are subject to any ill-treatment from the Turkish Government, or from the local officials, by the neglect of the Turkish Government, then, and not until then, can they expect the diplomatic support of Europe, which they may then possibly obtain.

Reform has been long talked of in Turkey, but unfortunately it is the partition of Turkey that is desired by many of the nations who are advocating reform. If they do not actually desire the partition of Turkey, it can scarcely be said that Russia, Austria, and Italy have not got their minds fixed on a sphere in which they desire to increase their influence. England, and possibly to some extent France, is really desirous of Macedonian reforms, the extent to which these reforms are pressed upon the Sublime Porte by England depending only on the policy of the Government which is in office at

the moment and the manner in which the reform scheme is received by the other Great Powers of Europe.

The population of Turkey is believed to be about 25,000,000, divided as follows: in Europe about 6,000,000, of whom 3½ millions are Christians; in Asia, 18 millions, of whom only some 3¼ millions are Christians; in Tripoli, just over 1 million inhabitants. In Arabia, Palestine, and Syria practically only the officials are Turkish, and Arabic is almost generally spoken.

The Turkish Government is an autocratic monarchy. In all cases the will of the Sultan is absolute, and his permission must be obtained for everything. He is Caliph (Head of the religion) and Temporal Ruler combined. Reform schemes have been drawn up, the first being in the reign of Sultan Abdul Medjid in 1856, and the most recent by the present Sultan, Abdul Hamid II., in 1876, but nothing has come of them.

On the advice of Midhat Pasha, a Parliament was assembled in 1876 by the Sultan, who had agreed to do this before he came to the throne, but it was almost immediately abolished provisionally, because it attempted to assume too large an amount of authority. Needless to say, it has never been resummoned.

The Sultans of Turkey believe that they have held the office of Caliph, or head of the Mohammedan religion, since 1517, when the Sultan, Salim I., conquered Egypt and forced the Caliph, who then resided at Cairo and possessed only merely titular spiritual powers, to cede his rights to the Turkish Sultans. An attempt to make the power of the Caliphate of more importance has been made by the present Sultan, Abdul Hamid II., with considerable success.

The title "Caliph" means "successor," or "deputy." When Mohammed died, Abu Bekr, one of Mohammed's near relations, was elected to be his successor. He was followed by Omar, Osman, Ali, the son-in-law of Mohammed, who had married Fatima, the Prophet's daughter, and by Hasan, son of Ali. Hasan was killed in 661 A.D., and a new dynasty sprang from Muawiyah, the rival of Ali. Muawiyah was the son of one of Mohammed's companions.

This dynasty, known as the Ommiade Caliphate, which had its headquarters at Damascus, lasted from 661 A.D. to 749 A.D. In 749 the Ommiade Caliphs were overthrown by the Abbaside Caliphs, who were descended from Al-Albas, the uncle of the Prophet; they established themselves at Bagdad, from which place they were expelled by

the Mongols in about 1258 A.D. In this year the uncle of the last Abbaside Caliph fled to Egypt, where the Caliphate continued as only a spiritual power until the title was ceded to the Osmanli Sultan, Salim I., ninth in descent from Osman, the founder of the Osmanli dynasty.

Another dynasty was founded in the West by the descendants of the Ommiade Caliphs when they were defeated by the Abbasides. This Caliphate lasted at Cordova, in Spain, from 755 until 1236, when the city was captured by Ferdinand of Leon. From the latter date, when the Spaniards captured Cordova, there were Sultans at Granada who considered themselves the lawful Caliphs until 1484, when Ferdinand and Isabella abolished Mohammedan rule in Spain.

Early in the tenth century a rival dynasty had sprung up, called the Fatimites. These claimed to have been descended from Fatima, the daughter of the Prophet; they ruled in Egypt and North Africa from 910 A.D. to 1171 A.D., and were in all fourteen Caliphs. The Sultan of Morocco claims to be descended from Fatima, and is recognised in North-Western Africa as the lawful Caliph.

One of the qualifications, according to the Mohammedan books, for the post of Caliph is that the person in whom it is vested should be the

greatest Mohammedan Prince of the time. There can only be one Caliph. It is also held by Sunnite Mohammedans that the person holding the position of Caliph should belong to the tribe of the Quraish. But this condition is not fulfilled in the persons of the Sultans of Turkey, as they are not even Arabs, still less of the tribe of Quraish. This is, however, ignored by the Turks.

The main points in support of the Sultan of Turkey as Caliph are :—

That he is certainly the greatest Mohammedan monarch of the day, and therefore holds the title by the right of the sword; and Salim won the Caliphate with the sword.

Some of the original chiefs, including the titular Caliph, were brought by the Sultan Salim from Cairo to Constantinople, and these men are said to have ratified the Sultan Salim's position by election. Each new Sultan is still nominally sanctioned by a Fetva when he succeeds to the throne of Turkey, and in theory he cannot consider himself Caliph until this sanction is given, which, owing to his power, it invariably is.

The Sultan Salim did, however, receive the title of Caliph from a titular Caliph who was descended from the uncle of the Prophet, and although it may have been illegal to cede the title

to an alien, still it was handed over to Salim on account of his power, by its legal possessor.

The Sultan is the guardian and possessor of the holy cities, Mecca, Medina, and Jerusalem, Mecca being held to be of the most importance. He is also in possession of the holy relics belonging to the Prophet, including a sacred mantle, which are now preserved at Constantinople. These are supposed to have been taken from Bagdad to Cairo when the former city was sacked, and to have been transported by the Sultan Salim from Egypt to Constantinople in 1517.

The office of Caliph is very important to the Sultan, as it enables him to establish his religious control over all Sunnite Mohammedans, whether under his temporal power or not. It is, however, difficult to know how far this power is effectual amongst all Sunnite Mohammedans.

If the power of the Sultan as Caliph is really effectual in India, it ought to form an important factor in the relationship between the British Government and the Sultan, as when we offend the Turkish ruler, who is head of Islam, we also displease our own Mohammedan subjects in India.

The Sultan is Temporal Ruler as the descendant of Osman, who founded the Osmanli dynasty. In olden days the Sultan led his army to war, and up

till the capture of Constantinople he had been a general rather than a monarch. After the capture of Constantinople the regal pomp of the sovereign largely increased.

The law of succession in Turkey is original. At the present time the oldest male of the house of Osman becomes Sultan on the death of any reigning monarch; thus a sovereign is hardly ever succeeded by his son, but rather by a brother. This rule may have been good in olden days, when a young man could not govern and lead a warlike tribe, but at the present day the Sultan, who probably would wish to be succeeded by his own son, regards the legal heir as a natural enemy. In former days Sultans were in the habit of killing their brothers as soon as they ascended the throne; now that civilisation has increased this is impossible, and the Sultan simply keeps the heir to the throne under close supervision, and is therefore succeeded by a man who has been as far as possible kept secluded from the outer world all his life, and whose education has in no way fitted him for the great position which he is destined to fill. The present heir apparent is Mohammed-Reshad Effendi, the brother of the reigning Sultan. He was born in 1844, and at present lives in seclusion and takes no part in the official life of the State.

As long as Murad, the previous Sultan, who was deposed from the throne in 1876, was still alive, Reshad Effendi was more or less free; he is now under supervision in his palace.

The will of the Sultan is exercised by two high officials. First, the Sheikh-ul-Islam, who is head of the Church. This officer is appointed by the Sultan with the nominal concurrence of the Ulema. The great importance of the Sheikh-ul-Islam is his legal power, in that he is the supreme appeal for all matters dealing with cases tried under the Shereat, or religious law. Under this law are tried all cases of real property, whether belonging to Turkish or foreign subjects. The decisions of the Sheikh-ul-Islam are known as "Fetvas." The Sultan is subject to a Fetva in just the same way as one of his subjects; he may prevent the Fetva being issued by dismissing or killing the Sheikh-ul-Islam, but once a Fetva is issued for the deposition of a Sultan it is the duty of every true Mohammedan to obey it. Both Abdul Aziz and Murad were deposed from the throne by Fetvas; the Fetva, of course, only appeared after the accomplished fact. It is therefore obvious that the Sultan requires a Sheikh-ul-Islam who will remain subservient to him, and this officer is generally chosen for his subserviency. The power of this official,

though it sounds enormous, is really very limited; he only countersigns the Fetvas, which are prepared by an official called the Fetva Emini, who makes all the necessary investigations, and draws up the Fetva in accordance with the Koran and the Traditions. In case of important events, a Fetva generally appears after the thing is a *fait accompli*, and usually seeks some justification for an act otherwise illegal. The justification may give some utterly different reason for the act from the real one.

The Grand Vizier is the Sultan's mouthpiece in temporal matters. This official is called by the Turks Sadr Azam; he is for practical purposes the Prime Minister of Turkey. Through him all instructions are supposed to be submitted to the other Ministers and to provincial Governors, but it often happens that orders are forwarded direct to quite junior officials in the form of Iradés by a secretary of the Sultan. The Grand Vizier is appointed by the Sultan, who chooses any subject he likes, and dismisses him of his own free will. His duration may be a week, or any number of years.

There are nominally two Councils: one called the Council of Ministers, of which most of the Ministers are members, and which meets to discuss matters of importance, like our Cabinet Council; and the other is the Council of State, consisting of

a larger number of members. This is permanent, and deals with internal affairs only. These two Councils are supposed to have power to investigate and settle matters of importance, but whilst this investigation is proceeding the Sultan will often settle the whole affair by an Iradé, which is binding on whoever receives it. An Iradé is an Imperial permission or order in writing to do something, as without an Iradé almost everything in Turkey is "Yassaq," or forbidden.

The country is divided into Vilayets, or Divisions. These are subdivided into Sanjaks, or provinces; these in turn into districts. A Vali who governs a vilayet is held to represent the Sultan, and is responsible to him for everything that occurs in his vilayet; he is assisted by a provincial Council. Each of the sub-districts is also provided with a Sub-Governor, under the superintendence of the Vali. Governors are often not allowed to choose their own staffs, and some of their subordinates are sure to be appointed by the Palace, in order to act as spies on them. All subjects may fill the highest offices of state. There is nominally a Civil Service which offers regular promotion, but in practice the appointment of Governors and other officials is made by favouritism, and if the appointment is an important one, by Palace

favouritism. Very probably, in order to obtain a billet, money will have to be paid to somebody by the candidate for office. There is nominally a committee for the selection of officials and for their examination, but in practice it does nothing, and nearly all appointments are made by the Palace. Some Valis have gone by most regular routine of promotion through the Civil Service, some have been promoted from other branches of the Service, and some have held high positions at Constantinople. European Turkey is divided into six vilayets, with headquarters at Adrianople, Salonika, Monastir, Kossovo, Scutari, and Yanina; Constantinople is a district by itself.

The whole country is one mass of spies; some are professionals, and some are trying to obtain favours by reporting on other people of whom they may be jealous. The official at the head of the spies is one of the most feared men in the whole country. Féhim Pasha, who was exiled to Brusa in 1907, was Chief of the Secret Service, and it was only after the utmost pressure on the part of the German Ambassador that the Sultan consented to banish his friend, whose exile even now is only nominal. Wherever you go in Turkey, somebody always wants to know your business, and one generally finds it only too easy to make acquaintances who

are anxious to discover your object in coming to Turkey and to ask you questions. I have had my books and papers taken up and read in front of my very eyes, hoping for information concerning my business, and when I have asked for them, they have been returned to me with the politest of smiles.

Two or three systems of law exist in Turkey. First, the Shereat, or law derived from religious works and administered by Cadis (Judges), the extreme Court of Appeal being the Sheikh-ul-Islam. By this law all Mohammedans can claim to be tried for any offence, and, as I said before, all real estate is governed by its code, whatever may be the nationality of the owner. By the Shereat Law no death sentence can be pronounced without direct evidence or confession; no circumstantial evidence is admissible by the Shereat to justify a sentence of death.

The general law of the country is based on a sort of Code Napoléon which is applicable to Moslems and Christians, and, as shown below, in certain cases, to foreign subjects; it is administered by a series of Courts under the Minister of Justice.

Under the Capitulations, or older treaties made with Turkey (that of Great Britain is dated 1675), all foreigners residing in Turkey enjoy almost the

same privileges as Embassy officials in other countries. Houses of foreigners cannot be entered by the police for any purpose whatever without the consent of the occupier's Consul, and if a foreign subject is arrested his Consul must at once be acquainted with the fact. Foreigners are practically under the laws of their own countries. Civil cases between foreigners and Ottoman subjects are tried in the Ottoman Courts, but a dragoman of the Consulate is present to see the proceedings are according to the law, and if the sentence is against the foreigner it is carried out through his own Consulate. If a foreigner is tried in a case where a Turkish subject is concerned, the trial is in a mixed Court, and the Consul can object to the sentence if he considers it illegal. If a Turkish subject is not affected, the foreigner is tried by a Court presided over by his own Consul. Cases of two foreign subjects of different nationalities are tried in the Court of the defendant. The taxes, customs, and dues to which a foreigner is subject are not allowed to be increased without the consent of the foreign Power. From this it will be easily understood the foreigner is not overtaxed.

Foreign subjects residing in Turkey at the present time owe their position largely to the ancient custom which was allowed before the

Turkish conquest, of permitting foreign subjects to settle in Constantinople and to regulate their own laws, religious and administrative affairs. The Genoese colony of Galata and Pera even erected fortifications, and were practically an independent community. The Turks put an end to the fortifications, but did not in any other way interfere with these foreigners. The Capitulations partly owe their origin to the contempt of the Mohammedan rulers who did not wish to have anything to do with the disputes of foreigners whom they permitted to trade in their countries. It was only in course of time, when various nations realised the importance which the original contempt carried with it, that the later Capitulations were exacted by other foreign Powers, and to which the Porte are now held to the very letter of the Capitulation. Christian subjects of the Sultan are pleased to serve in the employment of foreign subjects, as they are safe in their masters' houses, and permission must be obtained from the foreign Consul (as mentioned above) to enter the house in order to arrest them. This permission is nearly always given, but at the same time the Turkish authorities do not like to arrest a Greek or an Armenian on a frivolous charge when they know it must be reported to a foreign Consul, and that

the employer will probably complain if his servant is not released when he has committed no offence.

I remember an instance which I will give to demonstrate what I have tried to explain. Whilst I was in Constantinople a bomb was thrown at a Turkish official in Pera. The houses facing towards the spot were of course searched. Some friends of mine lived in a flat whose windows fronted towards the place of the explosion. Their Armenian servant was at once suspected. Before the police could enter the house or arrest the Armenian (my friends would not give him up), the English Consul had to be consulted and his permission obtained to arrest the Christian. In a few hours, or perhaps a day, the man was released, because the authorities probably realised that as the master knew his servant was innocent, he would report the matter to the British Consul if the servant were not released.

The person at whom the bomb was thrown was a very important official, and Chief of a great department at the Sublime Porte. It was subsequently reported that this official had arranged for the bomb to be thrown at him by an accomplice, but of course not to damage either his carriage or his person. The object of the plot

was to create sympathy at the Palace with the official in his dangerous employment, and to show the Sultan how much he was obliged to suffer on his sovereign's account. No steps naturally were taken in the matter, and I only mention it to demonstrate the methods by which things are carried on in Turkey. The whole affair was kept as quiet as possible, and of course not reported in the papers.

As the Turks are a composite race, so is their language.

The Turkish language is of Tartar origin, it is therefore quite distinct from Arabic and Persian. The alphabet consists of twenty-eight Arabic letters and three Persian letters, making thirty-one in all. The Turks first became acquainted with the Arabic alphabet in Persia, on their way Westwards. The Turks, like all Mohammedan nations, write from right to left, the first word of a book being the one at the right-hand top corner of the last page. There are no capital letters in Turkish, and punctuation has only lately been partially adopted, and consequently deciphering long sentences is most difficult. Turkish reading is very complicated, as few vowel sounds are written, and it is therefore most difficult to pronounce a word unless you know it. Only four letters in Turkish express vowel sounds,

and each of these is sometimes a consonant, which further adds to the difficulty.

Most of the letters have three written forms: one when occurring at the beginning of a word, one as a central letter, and one as a terminal or unconnected letter. Again, many letters are exactly the same in shape, except for the difference of dots, which vary in number, and occur either above or below the letter. These become more complicated when writing is bad and dots are often omitted, or not placed immediately above or below the letter to which they belong. There are many forms of writing, and a person who can read the Arabic alphabet with ease will nevertheless find a Turkish manuscript almost impossible to decipher. Several of the letters are sounded differently according to the words they spell, or the positions they occupy in these words. For example, the letter "kef" may be sounded as *k*, as *g* hard, or as *n*, or as a sort of *y*. The letter "vav" is sometimes a consonant and sometimes a vowel. When a consonant it sounds like *w* or *v*, and when a vowel like *o* or *oo*.

In my own name the letter "vav" has both these sounds and occurs twice, the word "Woods" being spelt with two "vavs" to begin with, one producing the sound of *w*, the other that of the two *oos*; equally well this first "vav" could be sounded

v, and the second "vav" as *o*, and make my name "Voods" or "Vods." This demonstrates the difficulty of reading a Turkish word, and especially a name, without first knowing it. I have often heard the Turkish officials pronounce my name "Voods" or "Vods" when they have read it from my Turkish teskéré (passport for the interior), which is entirely written in Arabic characters.

In the Turkish language the greatest attention is paid to euphony. The alphabet is divided into hard and soft letters. Hard and soft letters cannot occur in the same word, and when a word is declined or a syllable added, the letters of that syllable must be hard or soft according to the leading letter of the root. The vowels in a Turkish word must be all hard or soft. These laws of euphony cause the changes in the tense endings of verbs described later, as, for instance, when a word ends in the hard letter "kof" and is followed by the sound of *in*, *yé*, or *hé*, the final "kof" must change to the sound of *gh* before adding the suffix. This change is made in sound and in writing, as the "kof" is actually altered into another letter. If the final letter were a soft "kef" the sound would change for euphony into *y*, but not the actual writing.

The Turkish noun does not really decline, but adds suffixes to express the case. What we call

the nominative is the word itself, and various suffixes are added to express the genitive, dative, accusative, and ablative cases. When the noun is preceded by the indefinite article, the accusative remains unchanged. The plural is formed by adding the syllable "ler" or "lar," varying according to euphony, to the singular of the noun. The case endings are the same as in the singular; for example, "at" = a horse, "atlar" = horses, "atin" = of a horse, "atlarin" = of the horses. There are various euphonical rules as to the changing of certain final letters before the addition of the case suffixes, but the rules are regular and simple, as is in fact the whole Turkish formation.

There is no grammatical gender in the Turkish language; adjectives do not agree with the noun they qualify in number or gender. There is no definite article in Turkish, and it is expressed by the same case ending as the indefinite article, except in the accusative case. For example, "at" = the horse, whilst "bir at" = one horse, or a horse. All words are formed by the addition of suffixes to the root, and prefixes in Turkish words are unknown. Very often a whole sentence in English can be expressed by one Turkish word: for example, "The day that I came" = geldyim ghun = or "the my having come day." This use of the relative

in Turkish is one of the greatest difficulties for beginners, especially when the sentence becomes long and contains many involved clauses.

The verb is of two kinds, simple and compound; when simple it is of Turkish origin, and when compound it consists of some Persian or Arabic word conjugated with one of the Turkish auxiliaries.

The simple verbs are further divided into classes of either hard or soft verbs, which can be discerned by the infinitive termination, which is either "maq" or "mek." This difference does not alter the personal endings of the tenses which are regular, but according to the quality of the verb the characteristic ending of the tense alters its spelling in certain cases. This, however, is done by rule, and is not complicated. The verb is made causal, negative, negative potential, and passive by the insertion of syllables after the root. The verb is made interrogative by the use of the particle "mu," "mou," or "me," according to euphony. This particle is generally placed before the personal endings in the simple tenses, except in the third person singular, when it comes at the end of the word. In certain cases, however, it comes completely at the end of the verb. For example, "achioroum" = I am opening, "achior-

mouyoum" = am I opening? But "achdim" = I opened, and "achdimmi" = did I open?

The possessive is shown by various suffixes added to a noun; for example, "at" = a horse, "atim" = my horse, "atlar" = horses, "atlarim" = my horses. The case endings are added after the possessive suffixes, "atlarimin" = of my horses. These suffixes vary for the different English possessive adjectives.

When a numeral precedes a noun, the noun remains in the singular, "euch at" = three horses; "at" does not become "atlar," which is the plural.

The most important word of a sentence often comes at the end, and the style of writing is very complicated and inflated, causing another great difficulty to foreigners. Popular Turkish avoids long sentences, but high-flown Turkish makes use of them.

A great difficulty of the language is the enormous number of Arabic and Persian words that have been borrowed by Turkish. Many English words can be expressed in three ways in the Turkish language, namely, by a real Turkish, or an Arabic, or a Persian word. This largely increases the vocabulary that is necessary, and besides a knowledge of the Arabic and Persian words a good deal of the grammars of these two languages must also be learnt to have a thorough insight into the

Turkish language. It is justifiable to say that you may consider you know Turkish thoroughly and be able to discuss almost any subject in it, and at the same time not understand a word of a conversation between two well-educated Turks who make use of complicated Arabic and high-flown Persian words and expressions.

Anything pertaining to religion is sure to be of Arabic origin, whereas poetry which is Persian is specially made use of by the ladies of the harem; so that you might almost say males and females speak different languages.

The Turks themselves generally seek employment in one of three ways: they are soldiers, agriculturists, or Government officials. The Turkish Army is dealt with in detail below. In Turkey you hardly ever find a Turkish merchant, especially in the interior. Trade is carried on by the Christians. Shops, hotels, etc., are nearly always kept by the Christian subjects of the Sultan.

The country Turk is an ardent agriculturist, and is quite happy working in the fields all day. The implements used for cultivation are most primitive. I have seen men and women go out to cultivate the land with a wooden plough often formed out of a pointed piece of wood three-cornered in shape, drawn through the ground by oxen.

A Group of Turks in Asia Minor.

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The transport vehicles are frequently supported on solid wheels, and always progress very slowly. The oxen are generally not beaten to make them move faster, but are goaded with a pointed stick, which causes them to progress more rapidly for a few moments.

The Turk of the interior has a simple, lordly way, and seems to consider he belongs to a privileged class or order; he is always most civil and courteous to strangers, especially in districts where he is not brought in contact with the Christian inhabitants of the country. The peasant does not dislike the foreigner, and is always pleased to receive and talk to him when not supervised by the police in a disturbed district. The police, however, always attempt to be present at conversations between a foreigner and the inhabitants, however innocent the topic may be.

The Turks have few recreations, and do not play outdoor games. Their pleasures are to sleep, to smoke, and tell stories; they are a lazy people, especially the Turks of Constantinople. This may be the outcome of their belief in Fate, as explained elsewhere. The poorer classes are very illiterate and ignorant, and in places fanatical. Those holding high positions in the service of the Government in the remoter districts of the interior have

no idea what is taking place in the outer world, and I have often found that they are delighted to hear any news, and have always asked questions on almost every subject.

As to the official classes, I have already given some account. A great many of the Turkish population of Constantinople are, or have been, or will be, officials of the Government. They have either been deprived of employment by somebody else's bribery, or they are attempting to gain employment by bribery themselves. Nearly the whole of the upper classes are officials, and seek their living and existence from the profits to be made out of the offices which they hope to obtain from the Government. There is no hereditary class of nobility in Turkey, and titles are unknown except those conveyed by office. The word "Effendi" is, however, applied to gentlemen, and sometimes even to foreigners, as a mark of courtesy. Every man who can read and write in Turkey has a claim to be called Effendi, but the same title applies to the princes of the Imperial house; even the Sultan himself is addressed as "Effendimus," which means "our master," whereas the ordinary address is "Effendim," meaning "my master."

The whole Turkish population is a disciplined army. I cannot explain it, the innate sense of

discipline keeps the nation together. The Sultan is the greatest autocrat in Europe; as communications become better and the country more intersected with telegraph wires, so his autocratic power increases, and he has greater facilities for conveying his orders to the provinces.

Every possible form of injustice takes place; the Turk is as much oppressed as the Christian. The taxes are often farmed to the highest bidder, and the people are squeezed for their payment.

The Turks are like an army of occupation, they do not often understand the language or spirit of their subject peoples. I have arrived in villages in Macedonia where the people, especially the women, do not even understand Turkish, and the men can speak but a word or two.

The first standing army of the Turks was formed by Orkhan, the son of Osman, who first instituted the Janissaries, at the beginning of the fourteenth century. They were in early days a levy of Christian children. A fifth of the Christian children was taken every four years and brought up as Mohammedans. At first these troops were not allowed to marry or engage in trade, but later they were permitted to marry and enlist their children in the force, and other Mohammedan children were

also enrolled. After 1676 no more Christian children were enlisted. In the latter periods of their existence the Janissaries were allowed to carry on trade.

In 1826 Mahmud II. tried to reform the Janissaries, who had of late years been given to every sort of excess, and had simply become a turbulent and overbearing body, like the Strelitz in Russia, who were destroyed by Peter the Great, or like the Mamelukes in Egypt. When Mahmud II. found this reform to be impossible, he exterminated the Janissaries and burnt the quarter of Constantinople in which they had dwelt.

In 1843 a regular form of military service was founded in Turkey with an active and a reserve army. After the wars of 1854 and 1878 important reforms were introduced into the army, and the present Continental system was instituted in Turkey on the recommendation of Colonel Von du Goltz, who was lent by the Germans as an adviser to the Sultan in 1886. Although the present system is supposed to be territorial, troops are often not quartered in their own districts; many men from Asia Minor are brought over to Turkey in Europe, owing to the fact that with the large number of Christians in Europe there are not sufficient Moslems available for its garrison.

The army of Turkey is partly under the Minister of War and partly under the Grand Master of the Ordnance.

Military service is supposed to be compulsory for all Mohammedans for a period of twenty years commencing from the age of twenty. The districts of Constantinople, nearly the whole of the Vilayet of Scutari in Albania, Arabia, the Kurdish and Arab tribes in Asia Minor and Tripoli are, however, exempt. Christians are not allowed to serve, and pay a tax of 40 piastres (6s. 8d.) yearly in lieu of service. This leaves a Moslem population of about 11,000,000 (on whom conscription falls) out of a total population of some 25,000,000 of all religions. All Moslems are, however, liable for service if they are called upon by the Sultan to take part in a holy war for the defence of Islam. The ordinary exemptions from service are rather numerous. Exemption may also be bought by Moslems for £T50, which causes the person paying this sum to pass at once into the Reserve Army. If the Reserves are called out, he may evade service by a further payment of £T50.

A man serves nine years in the Active Army, called the Nizam, three with the Colours and six in the Reserve Division; then he passes into the Redif, or second line, where he remains for another

nine years, the final two years being passed in the Territorial Army, or Mustafiz.

The men who are not required for the first line when lots are drawn are passed into a special Reserve, which is now incorporated in the Redif. They are supposed to receive a six to nine months' training at the Redif dépôt.

In practice men are retained with the Colours longer than the proper period; the regulations allow this, should the political situation require it.

The Nizam, or regular infantry, consists of about 340 battalions of all kinds.

The war strength of a battalion is about 1000 men, but its effective strength in recent campaigns has been about 700. Some of the infantry are armed with Mauser rifles of the 1890 pattern, some with those of the 1887 pattern, whilst others are provided with a Henry Martini rifle. The Reserves of the Nizam are liable to six weeks' training every year.

The 1st class Redif, or second line troops, serving between the ages of twenty-nine and thirty-eight, number some 384 battalions, which are liable to one month's training in every second year; the probable war strength of a battalion would be about 700 men. The 2nd class Redif, which differs in many respects from the 1st class, consists

of about 670 battalions, each with a war strength of perhaps 500.

The Mustafiz, or Militia, in which a Mohammedan passes his last two years of service, is not organised in peace, and the men would in war be taken to fill up the Redif battalions, whilst those remaining over would probably be used for local garrison duty.

There are three kinds of cavalry, namely, the Nizam, the Redif, and the Hamidié. The Nizam Cavalry is composed of 204 squadrons, the war strength of a squadron being about 150 men; they are mostly armed with the Henry Martini rifle. A cavalry soldier serves four years with the Colours and five with the Reserve, and then passes into the Redif Infantry; squadrons of Redif Cavalry are, however, being formed, which will probably be employed as Brigade and Divisional Cavalry, thereby leaving the Nizam Cavalry to be formed into separate units. They have not yet been called out for training.

The Hamidié Cavalry is a militia raised from the Kurdish and Arab tribes in Asia Minor, chiefly to the north-east of Lake Van.

The artillery consists of 206 horse and field batteries, 49 mountain batteries, and 12 field howitzer batteries, and about 146 companies of

fortress artillery. This branch of the service is mostly armed with Krupp guns.

The officers of the Turkish Army are recruited from two classes: first, the Mektebi, or pupils from the military schools; about 600 of these pass into the army every year. The second class is the Alaili, who have risen from the ranks, and can hardly read and write. They are nearly three times as numerous as the Mektebi, but hardly ever rise above the rank of lieutenant. Promotion up to the rank of captain is by regiments, from captain to colonel by Army Corps. Above the rank of colonel throughout the whole army.

About a dozen specially selected officers are sent annually to Germany, where they are attached to the various branches of the German staff for two years.

The country is divided into seven Ordus, or Army Corps districts: three have their headquarters in European Turkey, and four in Asiatic Turkey and Arabia. The smaller units of organisation are divisions and brigades.

There is no code of military law, but the army is governed by customs. A permanent Court Martial sits at the headquarters of every army corps. There is a Supreme Court of Appeal at

Constantinople dealing with appeals and cases sent forward from the courts at Ordu Headquarters.

The peace establishment of the army is about 300,000 men, though the actual numbers are possibly only about 257,000 men, and the War Budget, which is not accurately known, is probably about £7,000,000 annually, or about 40 per cent. of the whole Budget. The war strength of the Turkish Army is nominally about 1,500,000 men, though they could most likely only put about 1,150,000 men in the field in case of war.

It will be seen from the above figures that the nominal peace strength of the Turkish Army of 300,000 men is considerably more than the nominal strength of the British regular army, including its reservists and the regular troops in the Colonies, but excluding the British troops in India, which amounts to only about 280,000 men. The Turkish Army, however, is supposed to cost about £7,000,000 annually, whilst the British home vote for its regular army alone amounts to some 21¼ million pounds. Of course, I am not reckoning the expense of conscription, and the compulsory loss of labour caused by it, as part of the cost of the Turkish Army.

The Turks, as has been previously shown, make excellent soldiers, not by profession so much as instinct. A natural hatred of all enemies is in-

grained in them, and they love fighting, and have always been educated to a life of war. To the Mohammedan religion may also be traced much of this warlike feeling, as is explained in the previous chapter.

As to the methods of training and capacity for good shooting in the army, it is impossible to give an opinion until modern war has demonstrated what power of leadership now exists in the officers of high rank, and the quality of the men's shooting. There are no manœuvres, and but little attention has been paid to musketry. An Iradé has, I believe, lately been issued that every man is to fire 60 rounds of ammunition annually.

. . . . . .

Any insight of the interior of the Ottoman Empire, with its courteous, lordly, yet simple inhabitants, cannot fail to be a pleasant surprise after hearing the reputation which it bears. You may possibly dislike the officialdom and some of the Eastern customs, but you cannot fail to like the Turk himself.

CHAPTER X

Bulgaria and the Bulgarians

The modern State, made up of the Principality of Bulgaria and Eastern Rumelia, is bounded on the north by the Danube and the kingdom of Rumania, on the east by the Black Sea, on the south by Turkey, whilst on the western frontier Servia borders its whole length. The Principality of Bulgaria occupies the northern and western parts of the State, whilst the southern and south-eastern portions are made up of Eastern Rumelia. The Principality was constituted by the Treaty of Berlin, signed in 1878; and since 1885, when the two provinces were united, after the Revolution of Philippopolis, there have been no important changes in the boundaries of the State, beyond, that the Mohammedan districts of Kerjali and Rupchuz, both in the Rhodope Balkans, were restored to Turkey as a result of a Conference held by the Signatory Powers of the Berlin Treaty at Constantinople in 1886.

The State is still nominally subject to the suzerainty of Turkey, and a representative of the Sublime Porte resides at Sofia.

I shall not here burden the public with a history of what Bulgaria has been in the past. It is necessary, however, to devote some space to modern history, in order that my readers may understand clearly the situation as it stands to-day.

By the end of the fourteenth century the Turks had conquered Bulgaria, which remained a province of the Ottoman Dominions until the year 1878.

From very early years of the Turkish conquest the Bulgarian Church had been placed under the Greek Patriarch. The schools were Greek, and gradually the Bulgarian upper classes treated Greek as their language. The Bulgarian language was even written in Greek characters, and the peasants who spoke Bulgarian called themselves Greeks.

In the early part of the nineteenth century a Bulgarian Revival began. The first school for the teaching of modern Bulgarian was established in 1835, and during the next ten years some fifty national schools were in operation.

The recognition of the Bulgarian nationality and existence was created by the pen, and not by the sword. The Bulgarians addressed incessant petitions to the Greek Patriarch and to the Sublime

Porte, all of which failed. Negotiations were actually opened between Bulgaria and Rome, and an Archbishop of the Bulgarian Church was nominated by the Pope. Russia, however, saw danger in this movement, and the Bishop mysteriously disappeared.

After many representations to the Porte had failed, the Sultan, who was, according to Turkish diplomacy, not averse to quarrels between his Christian subjects, issued a firman early in the year 1870, which constituted a Bulgarian Exarch with jurisdiction over fifteen dioceses. Other districts were to be added to his see, should two-thirds of their Christian population desire it. The constitution of this spiritual independence in Bulgaria tended to strengthen the Bulgarian movement; education, in particular, was carried on with the greatest activity and energy. The Greek Patriarch opposed the constitution of this independent Church which was to be set up in what was still a part of the Ottoman Dominions, and the appointment of the first Exarch was delayed until 1872. Immediately after his appointment the Greek Patriarch excommunicated the head of this independent Church and all his followers.

In 1875 great excitement was caused by the insurrection in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and the Bulgarians, fearing a general massacre, prema-

turely rose, and, as we know, thousands of Christians were killed by the Turks. These atrocities were denounced by Mr. Gladstone in his celebrated crusade, which, of course, aroused the indignation of civilised Europe.

Towards the end of 1876 a Conference of the Great Powers was held at Constantinople. This Conference proposed amongst other reforms the organisation of Bulgaria into two provinces, each under a Christian Governor-General. These two provinces were to include practically what is now contained in Bulgaria, and in addition certain portions of the present Adrianople Vilayet of Turkey, part of Servia, the districts of Uskub, Monastir, part of the Seres district, and some other portions of what we now know as Macedonia.

After considerable delay and many negotiations, the most important items contained in the proposals of this Conference were set aside by the Sublime Porte, who then, as now, objected to part of its kingdom being governed by independent Governor-Generals.

The Russians declared war against the Turks in April 1877. The Treaty of San Stefano was signed by the victorious Russians before the gates of Constantinople in March 1878. By it the aspirations of the Bulgarian nation were almost

fully realised, and by it an autonomous Principality of Bulgaria was created, extending from the Black Sea to the Mountains of Albania, and from the Danube to the Ægean, and providing the port of Kavala on the Mediterranean as an outlet for Bulgarian trade.

The other Great Powers of Europe, partly inspired by the British Government, were, however, fearful that this new Bulgaria might become a vassal State of Russia, or, in any case, might become subject to influences brought to bear by the country which had liberated her from the grasp of the Turkish rule. The Treaty of Berlin, signed on July 13, 1878, was substituted for that of San Stefano. This Treaty practically divided the "Big Bulgaria" of San Stefano into several parts. It gave to Bulgaria the Principality as it stands to-day, which I have already described. Eastern Rumelia was constituted an autonomous Turkish province under a Christian Governor-General. Parts of the Adrianople Vilayet and Macedonia were returned to Turkey. Certain other districts were given to Servia, and sanction was given for the transference of the Dobruja (a district lying between the Danube, which forms its northern and western frontiers, and the Black Sea) to Rumania, its union with that country having already been arranged by the Treaty of San Stefano.

It is easy, perhaps, to blame the Great Powers of Europe for this partition of "Big Bulgaria," as constituted by the Treaty of San Stefano, but at the period of the signature of the Treaty of Berlin it would have been difficult to conceive the rapidity with which the prosperity of Bulgaria has increased, and the manner in which she has thrown off the Russian yoke. Had she not been strong enough to do this, a State largely influenced by Russia might have proved a menace to the peace of Europe.

By the Treaty of Berlin the inhabitants of Bulgaria were permitted to elect their own Prince, his election being subject to the sanction of the Sublime Porte, and the approval of the Great Powers. The Province of Eastern Rumelia was to receive its organisation from a European Commission.

Until the completion of this political organisation, Bulgaria and Eastern Rumelia were occupied by Russian troops. A Governor-General for Eastern Rumelia was nominated by the Sultan in 1879.

The Assembly of Tirnova elected Prince Alexander of Battenberg as their first Prince in April 1879, and drew up a Constitution on a liberal and progressive basis, of which manhood suffrage formed an important factor.

The first part of the reign of Prince Alexander is marked, by the attempt on his part to establish

a strong Conservative monarchy, which the people of the country opposed; and by the effort which Bulgaria made to throw off the influence of Russia. At first the Prince chose a Conservative Government. He was, however, soon obliged to renounce this for a Liberal Ministry. This Liberal Government practically encouraged the growing anti-Russian sentiment. However, as stable government seemed to him unlikely, the Prince established an autocratic rule, under the influence of two Russian Ministers, which, however, only lasted till 1883, when the Prince was obliged to reopen negotiations with the popular leaders and to re-establish the Constitution of Tirnova. This action on the part of the Prince (whose relations with Russia had become less cordial since the death of his uncle, the Tsar Alexander II., in 1881) called forth the serious wrath of the Muscovite Government.

The Province of Eastern Rumelia was united to Bulgaria in 1885 by the Revolution of Philippopolis, which took place without loss of life. Alexander was proclaimed Prince, and entered Philippopolis in triumph. Certain of the Powers of Europe professed to be very incensed at this infringement of the Treaty of Berlin. Russia even sought to influence Turkey against her nominal vassal to the extent of invasion. England alone was sympathetic.

Servia declared war against Bulgaria during the closing weeks of 1885; hostilities were terminated by the intervention of Austria, and the Treaty of Bucharest was signed in March 1886. Prince Alexander was, moreover, recognised as Governor-General of Eastern Rumelia by the Convention of Top Khaneh, signed in April 1886.

These successes, no doubt, caused Russia to determine to remove Alexander from Bulgaria. A plot was organised, and the Prince was coerced to sign his abdication in August, and was transported to Russia.

A counter revolution, however, was organised, and the Prince returned to Bulgaria. He, however, was guilty of some fatal errors of policy, and the national leaders consented to his abdication. In September, Prince Alexander left Bulgaria.

A Regency was now formed, which was largely administered by Stamboloff, who treated with the utmost severity a series of revolutionary attempts organised by the supporters of Russia.

After some delay, Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg was elected by the Bulgarian National Assembly in July 1887, when the Regency had lasted nearly a year. He too was denounced by Russia, and was not acceptable to the Powers or to Turkey. After a long interregnum, the Prince

decided to appease Russia. In 1894 Stamboloff (who had been Prime Minister since September 1887) retired. This statesman was barbarously murdered in the streets of Sofia the following year.

As a sequel to these negotiations and his evident desire for recognition, Ferdinand was accepted Prince of Bulgaria and Governor-General of Eastern Rumelia by the Sultan, with the consent of the Powers, early in 1896.

Prince Ferdinand, who is a Roman Catholic, married in 1893, as his first wife, Marie Louise, eldest daughter of Duke Robert of Parma, by whom he had several children, including Prince Boris, the heir to the throne, who was born in 1894. Prince Boris was received into the Orthodox Church in 1896. The Princess died in 1899, and Prince Ferdinand contracted his second marriage with the Princess Eleanor of Reuss-Köstritz in 1908.

As I have said before, the Province of Eastern Rumelia, for all practical purposes, forms part of Bulgaria, which is a constitutionally governed Principality. The legislative power is vested in the Prince and the Sobranye, or National Assembly, acting jointly. The Prince is supreme head of the army, and he represents the nation in its international relations. The royal dignity is hereditary, and descends in the direct male line. The civil

list of the Prince is fixed at about £40,000 a year. There are eight Ministers, nominated by the Prince.

The Bulgarian nation exercises its control over the Government of the country by means of the representatives, which it elects by manhood suffrage, to the National Assembly, or Sobranye. This Assembly (the members of which are paid a sum varying from 12s. to 16s. per day during the Session) meets every year, and sits from October to December at Sofia; if an emergency arises, it is especially convoked at other times.

All Bulgarian subjects who have attained the age of thirty, and who can read and write, are available for election as members of the National Assembly. Every deputy, one of whom is elected to represent 20,000 inhabitants, has a right to introduce Bills and to make propositions to the Assembly, provided he is supported by at least a quarter of the members present. No law can come into force unless it has been passed by the National Assembly and sanctioned by the Prince. The duration of the Assembly is five years, but it may be dissolved by the Prince, in which case new elections must take place within four months.

A second Assembly, known as the Grand National Assembly, is convened to decide matters of special importance, such as to revise the Constitu-

tion or to elect a new Prince. The composition is the same as that of the Sobranye, excepting that the number of members is double that of the ordinary Sobranye. Thus each district of 20,000 inhabitants is represented by two members instead of one.

The head of the Bulgarian Church is the Exarch, who still resides at Constantinople. The doctrines accepted by the Bulgarian Church are practically the same as those accepted by the Greek Orthodox Church. The Bulgarians, however, do not, of course, acknowledge the Greek Patriarch. The parish priests, provided they fulfil certain conditions, are chosen by the members of the parish, and are ordained in accordance with the laws of the Church. The canon laws govern the validity of marriages and divorces. Men are not allowed to marry before the age of nineteen, and women before seventeen. In cases of divorce for misconduct, the guilty party is not allowed to marry his or her accomplice. The Greek Church has bishops in Bulgaria, who are appointed by the Greek Patriarch at Constantinople, with the preliminary consent of the Bulgarian Government.

The population of Bulgaria, according to the Census of 1905, is roughly 4,035,000. Since the year 1888 there has been an increase in population of 1,085,000. The majority of the inhabitants may

be said to be rural in character. Still, there are 73 towns, varying in population from 82,000 to 5000.

The people are reserved, quiet, pleasant and cheerful, and all classes are extremely hard-working.

The Bulgarian, like every other man, likes to make money out of the foreigner. Let me recall an instance which will demonstrate this. I had been out to the town of Iktiman to arrange for rooms in which to stay for the Bulgarian Manœuvres. I hired two at the hotel, subject to my writing to make the final arrangements. I never wrote, as I thought I should not require the apartments, which, finally, however, I did. I arrived subsequently at Iktiman, and after considerable difficulty woke up the hotel-keeper of the inn, and made him understand (in Turkish) that I wanted the rooms I had already inspected. Owing to the crowd for the manœuvres, and the fact that I had not confirmed my order in writing, I found the rooms occupied. Notwithstanding the hour of night (it was about 2 a.m.), the then occupants of the rooms were dragged from their beds, and the sleeping apartment was handed over to me. The original price fixed by me was, I suppose, more than the occupants were paying. Be this as it may, I certainly did not offer any inducement to the hotel-keeper to turn out the rightful lodgers

from their beds, and I cannot attribute the landlord's complaisance to any act of my own.

The people are most obliging, and will do all they can to assist a tourist. On the night I have mentioned, I arrived alone at Iktiman Station, and some villagers kindly escorted me to the hotel, which was difficult to find on a dark night rendered more mysterious by the continuous howling of the dogs. We then returned and spent some hours in a small coffee-shop at the station. It was strange to me to see the soldiers lying half asleep in one corner, and the weary travellers, who were unable to obtain beds, sitting about in others. We carried on a conversation amongst ourselves, and every one seemed pleased to discuss his affairs with a foreigner. When my interpreter arrived by a later train, we walked to the hotel, carrying the small articles of luggage as best we could.

The national costumes of the peasants are extremely picturesque. I first saw the country girls in their pretty bright garments on my way to Sofia from Haskavo. These young ladies make a point of donning their best attire on Sundays, and walking about in the more frequented localities of their district. In the railway towns the stations are a favourite place of resort, the girls walking up and down, often arm in arm. The

gala costume of a girl, of which she is very proud and which has often taken years to make, is divided into what I may describe as two sections. The under portion is a long flounced petticoat, with tight-fitting sleeves, edged and largely ornamented with native lace and embroidery. This petticoated-skirt hangs down below the knees, well revealing the feet. Above this under-garment is a sort of over-dress somewhat of the pinafore type, made of dark cloth, generally black. It has no sleeves, and is cut low at the neck, showing the under-garment, which is generally very richly embroidered where it covers the chest. This pinafore-shaped garment hangs down to about the knees, and is also highly ornamented. The whole is bound in at the waist by a richly adorned belt of a web-like braid worked in varied hues.

The hair of the women is generally black. It is parted in the middle and brushed back, and is nearly always plaited, and usually hangs down the back. It is unusual to have any head-dress, but a handkerchief is often worn bound over behind the temples, thus enclosing all the hair except that just at the front. The girls are often pretty, and assuredly present a very pleasant appearance when dressed in their national garb.

The men wear very richly embroidered shirts

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with long white sleeves. They have over-jackets of dark cloth, also very richly embroidered. A dark garment fixed on with a braid cummerbund belt is wound round the waist. The trousers are of a white material and fit very tightly. The putties are white, and generally ornamented with black braiding. The shoes are of rough leather, tied on with pieces of leather, the shoe itself being a kind of thin sandal, having, however, turned-up toes and shallow sides. The head-dress is the native round cap, a sort of fez without a tassel. The men are often stalwart, well-knit, and extremely good-looking, and possess bright, intelligent, keen faces.

I cannot leave a description of the peasants without mentioning the hora—a dance which is common in some form to all the Balkan States and Rumania. The word "hora" is Turkish, and simply means "dance." The music for this dance is provided by gipsies. The number of the band varies, and in small villages generally consists of two or three fiddles, who strike up in some open level space just outside the village. I remember finding, on my way home after a day of manœuvres, practically all the inhabitants of Iktiman dancing just outside the town. The dance begins by a few people joining hands, the sexes forming a ring alternately. The dancers first move slowly round

the musicians, their feet performing graceful movements in harmony with the music. As people arrive on the scene, they too join in, soldiers and peasants mingling readily in the dance. The circle grows larger and larger; but it is finally broken and becomes a long line, which dances in and out in any direction impulse suggests. The men shout at intervals; and as the dance continues, the time quickens and the shouts become louder and more frequent. All children are taught to dance the hora as part of their education. The dance which was performed by the peasants in the Vienna Theatre at the Earl's Court Exhibition during last summer was a poor example of the real thing. The spirit, joy, and merriment which characterise the entertainment in Bulgaria was conspicuous by its absence in London.

Every village is provided with a national elementary school, and there is a University at Sofia. Many of the upper classes are educated abroad, and the Principality is deeply indebted to the Robert College at Constantinople, where a large number of its public men of the present day have been educated. This Robert College is an American institution, and it is therefore no uncommon thing to meet a Bulgarian who speaks English like an Englishman.

Peasant proprietorship is universal, the small freeholds averaging about twenty acres each. There are scarcely any large estates owned by individuals, but some of the monasteries possess considerable domains.

The principal crops grown are wheat, maize, rye, barley, and oats. Bulgaria also produces grapes, tobacco, and attar of roses. The principal neighbourhood for the cultivation of roses is the plains lying round Philippopolis. The tobacco grown is of an inferior quality, and is chiefly produced for home consumption.

The naval force of the Principality consists of a royal yacht and a few small gun and torpedo boats, which are stationed at Varna and Russé.

Prince Ferdinand's reign has been marked by great improvement in the material condition of Bulgaria. The completion of a network of railways has considerably benefited the agricultural population, on whose welfare the prosperity of the country really depends.

The Bulgarians—a laborious, thrifty, orderly, and persevering people—possess many qualities which will yet qualify them for occupying an important position in the future political system of the Balkan Peninsula.

CHAPTER XI

Some Towns of Bulgaria

Although Bulgaria is still young and has throughout its existence been encountered by numerous difficulties, yet it is possessed of some prosperous towns.

Sofia, the capital, is situated on the main line of railway between Vienna and Constantinople, about 470 miles south-east of Buda Pesth.

The town is built on a high rolling plain some 2000 feet above the sea. This plain is watered by the river Isker, and is surrounded by the Balkan Mountains. The town is backed on the south by the Vitosh Peak, which is situated only a few miles distant, and attains an elevation of 7500 feet above the sea; its summit is generally covered with snow from the middle of November, but I have found its higher levels completely snow-clad at the end of October; the snow lasts till April or May, or even later.

The town is subject to extreme temperatures,

the heat in summer being intense and the cold in winter becoming very severe. Autumn sets in about the middle of September, and by October winter has arrived. The air is sharp and brisk, and there is often a cold wind which makes one very grateful for a warm overcoat. I have left Constantinople in weather seasonable to the height of summer and found winter in Sofia.

The houses are all well warmed, in fact almost overheated, with stoves; all the more modern ones are provided with double windows, thereby demonstrating the great cold which is experienced in winter.

The town has been fortified with outlying works, and is specially defended against any attack from Servia.

The population of the city in 1905 was estimated at 82,000, of which about two-thirds are Bulgarians; of the remainder a considerable portion are Jews.

Sofia has been almost entirely rebuilt during the last thirty years; you can, however, still distinguish remains of the old city by the poor, small and low houses that are still visible in parts of the capital. There are also some houses built of mud which are probably the remains of Turkish times.

The modern houses are mainly built of brick encased in white plaster, which gives an air of rather cheap grandness to the city. Many of them are only one storey high.

The streets are traversed by a good system of electric trams, and the whole town is well lit with electric light.

Like many other stations in the East, that of Sofia is almost outside the town. A long and often cold drive through rather a poorly kept street bordered with miserable shops at last brings you to the Alexander Square, which divides the city into two parts, the old town lying on the west and the new on the east. Around the square are built some of the principal buildings; its centre is occupied by a public garden possessed of some fine shady trees, but in winter presenting a cold and dreary appearance.

On the northern side of this square is the Royal Palace, a fine building, constructed in modern Western style and surrounded with gardens. Its approaches are guarded by smart Bulgarian soldiers, and a change of guard is carried out daily when the Prince is in residence, with ceremony befitting the occasion, which would rather remind one of the daily parade at St. James's Palace, but for the lack of smartness in their drill, to which the Bulgarians do not devote their time.

Other important buildings situated round the square are the Town Hall, the modern War Office, the Hotel de Bulgarie, and the imposing new theatre built of white stone or plaster, which was, I believe, opened early in 1907. When this building was in course of construction it is said that no provision was made for storing the scenery, and a separate building or annex had to be constructed afterwards.

There is a modern Bulgarian Cathedral, and several picturesque old churches, one or two of which are half underground.

One of the most interesting sights in the town is the old Cathedral Church of Sofia, which has been destroyed by fire and earthquakes, and of which the ruins alone still exist; it is called St. Sofia. The date of its foundations are unknown, but the interior is attributed to a Byzantine princess named Sofia, who probably also named the town, or possibly the town took its name from the Cathedral. This church was transformed into a mosque during the Turkish occupation. The interior, though ruined, is worth a visit.

An old mosque, known as the Buyuk Jami (Great Mosque), is now used as a most interesting Museum. The building contains practically nothing but a collection of Bulgarian relics and things of interest. The collection includes many ancient

statues and curiosities which have been discovered in the Principality, and also a collection of costumes as worn by the Bulgarian peasants of various periods. In addition there is a small Picture Gallery, in which are hung interesting specimens of modern Bulgarian art. Amongst other things contained in this museum are three or four models which were submitted by their various sculptors as proposed designs for the statue of the Tsar Alexander II., which has been erected opposite the Sobranye to commemorate the freedom of the Principality.

In the modern town the most important buildings are perhaps the Sobranye, or Parliament House. It is built of white stucco, and presents an imposing appearance, as does also the Military Club, in which the officers of the garrison have their food.

The War Office is a modern edifice, and its interior arrangements seem to be those of the most up-to-date establishment. I was on one occasion privileged to pay a call on an officer of high rank on the Headquarter Staff, and was much astonished at the business-like way in which everything was conducted. You enter a central hall, off which the rooms of junior officers and clerks open, and on ascending the stairs you are

THE SOBRANYE, SOFIA.

STATUE OF ALEXANDER II.

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faced by an array of military overcoats and caps hung up by their owners. Staff officers and orderlies move about in all directions. Officials, of course, come to their work in uniform.

The Hotel de Bulgarie is a most comfortable semi-Eastern establishment. The ground floor is occupied by shops, a small dining-room, and a café. The food is good, cheap, and very simple; the café is one of the most frequented in the town, and has the newspapers of nearly every European country hung up, for the benefit of its customers.

On ascending the stairs, one is met by a dear old Bulgarian housekeeper, who, although her official position is no more than a housemaid, controls the whole establishment, and one only has to ask her for anything in French, and if it can be obtained, she will give it to you.

The ordinary apartments are bed-sitting-rooms, as there are no public reception rooms except those described above, and were it not for the charming Club, a visit to Sofia might be rather dull for a foreigner. The hotel porters say they speak French and German, but often misunderstand questions or instructions in these tongues.

The Club, which is a cosmopolitan one, is situated in the New Town, about five minutes' walk from the Alexander Square. On my visits

to Sofia I have always been privileged by being made a temporary member of this establishment, which enabled me to avail myself of its hospitality with the usual privileges of a member. One finds the secretaries and attachés of all the various Legations assembled for meals (which are served at one long table) as well as many of the higher Bulgarian officials. These latter, however, chiefly come in during the evening; Monsieur Petkoff, with his one arm, was a not unfamiliar visitor, and always had a pleasant word or nod for me as he passed on his way. It is a custom of the house to introduce every stranger to any member who happens to be in the club when he arrives, a custom which, though extremely pleasant, is somewhat embarrassing, as it is often difficult to be certain afterwards who one knows and who one does not.

On the borders of the New Town are the Zoological Gardens, the private hobby of Prince Ferdinand, who is greatly interested in animals, and especially in birds, of which he has one of the finest collections in Europe.

The gardens are placed under the charge of an official who speaks German, and who is happy to show visitors round them, provided His Royal Highness has not signified his intention of paying

them a visit himself. I believe there is a public day, when you may obtain admission on payment of a small sum, but thanks to my English and Bulgarian friends, I have always gone into the Zoo whenever I have desired to do so.

On the outskirts of the town is a modern park called, after the heir to the throne, the Boris Gardens. It is provided with restaurants, summer-houses, and cafés; the inhabitants walk and sit in this park during the summer evenings. It was on his way towards these gardens from the Sobranye that the Prime Minister, Monsieur Petkoff, was assassinated in such a terrible manner in March 1907.

The town is possessed of a University and several large military educational establishments, and a very fine modern post office, also a mausoleum containing the remains of Prince Alexander of Battenberg.

The theatrical performances are not very striking in their effect. I went on one occasion to the Italian Opera, performed in a bare, cold, draughty, and uncomfortable building, which was pretty nearly empty. The talent of the singers, which the audience did not seem to appreciate, was considerably better than the surroundings.

I also visited a rather second-class café chantant

in a back street of the town. Part of the performance was in French and part of it in Bulgarian. This seems to attract a larger audience than the Opera, as we arrived about half-way through the programme and had great difficulty in obtaining a table at which to sit.

The streets of Sofia are unfinished and dusty, but their appearance is enlivened by the bright uniforms of the Bulgarian officers, who walk about in their well-fitting overcoats and smart caps. The inhabitants for the most part wear European clothes, the peasant men and women retaining their national costumes. The carriages are like small victorias, drawn by two horses, and driven by men dressed in ordinary clothes, generally with the national cap as a head-dress.

The shops of Sofia are most inferior and expensive, and it is extremely difficult to buy anything you want. I found it almost impossible to obtain the few groceries that I required for my trip to the Bulgarian Manœuvres, and only did so with the assistance of a Bulgarian lady who kept a stationer's shop, and who came and interpreted for me, as she had been educated in an American school, and therefore knew English. Among the more interesting shops is what is called the Bulgarian Bazaar, or Museum, which is carried on

MILITARY CLUB, SOFIA.

A STREET IN SOFIA.

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to sell nothing but Bulgarian products and manufactures; you can buy there anything, from Bulgarian embroideries, old and new, to attar of roses and walking-sticks.

From the above description I must appear to discount the attractions of Sofia. It is very hard not to do so when writing a description of the town. You cannot, however, possibly fail to be impressed with the energy of the inhabitants, the zeal with which they try to improve their capital, and the pleasure with which they show it to strangers.

It is necessary in visiting Sofia, or reading about it, to remember that the whole of the New Town dates from 1878, therefore it is still in its infancy, and that, when completed, it will probably be a fine capital for one of the small countries of Europe.

I was always fortunate enough to have friends at Sofia who were more than hospitable in entertaining me during my visits, and in showing me the sights of the place. One always receives a hearty welcome, and this added to a pleasant climate (certainly when I have been there) cannot fail to leave in my mind a most happy recollection of Sofia. There are the usual Near Eastern topics of conversation and excitement; but Sofia has in spite of the many tragedies which have

taken place there, always appeared to me to be a peaceful and orderly town.

A passing idea of the city may easily be gained by alighting from the ordinary train for a few hours, and re-embarking again in the Orient Express or *vice versa*, or better still, by spending one whole day in the capital, which will prove sufficient, unless the tourist wishes to ascend Mount Vitosh, which takes a whole day, or make an excursion to the Rilo Monastery, which has often been described by travellers, and is one of the most beautiful spots in Bulgaria. This excursion, however, requires four days at least.

The next town in Bulgaria in order of size is Philippopolis, with a population which is estimated at about 45,000; it is the capital of Eastern Rumelia, and lies 96 miles south-east of Sofia, and is situated principally on the right bank of the river Maritza.

The town is most picturesque, both when seen in the distance from the train and when you enter it. The monotony of the Maritza Valley is here broken by seven sugar-loaf hills, on the slopes of which parts of the town are built.

A long, straight, dusty road, bordered by rather pretentious houses standing in gardens, leads from the station to the town. This thoroughfare, when it

TWO VIEWS OF PHILIPPOPOLIS

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enters the city itself, becomes its main street, and is flanked by the principal shops. There are several hotels, one of which is clean and passable, where you can at least make yourself understood in German. Philippopolis is noted for the manufacture of attar of roses, which is largely carried on in the neighbourhood. There is also considerable trade in grain.

A most picturesque view of the city is obtained by ascending one of the hills mentioned above, from which you can discern the beauties of the whole place far better than by toiling through the streets. There is a modern park, which forms a shady spot in hot weather, but when once you have seen the hills and the picturesque situation of the town you have seen all there is to see.

The climate in summer is said to be hot and disagreeable, and some of the inhabitants pay visits to the neighbouring hills. Philippopolis is the first town of real importance after crossing the Turco-Bulgarian frontier at Mustafa Pasha, and it only lies distant a few hours by road from the Turkish frontier towards the south, which here projects northwards into Bulgaria beyond the general line of the boundary between the two countries. Philippopolis is the seat of a British Consul, who at the time of my visit was more than kind in advising me what to see.

Leaving the town of Sofia early in the morning by the Varna train, one arrives at Plevna at about noon, after a pleasant journey first up the valley of the river Isker, and later on across a well-cultivated plain. This train, which I think has only made a through connection with Bucharest by means of the Danube Ferry during recent years, is provided with a dining-car, thereby enabling the passengers to have breakfast after leaving Sofia, and if their time for seeing Plevna is limited, it is wise to have an early luncheon before arriving at that town. Tourists can, if they want to make a flying visit to this much-talked-of place, do so by leaving Sofia early in the morning and arriving back again during the evening.

The campaign between Russia, aided by Rumania on the one side and Turkey on the other, of which the siege of Plevna forms so interesting a part, began in April 1877, and lasted nearly eleven months, the Treaty of San Stefano which terminated the war being signed in March 1878. The object of the invaders was as usual Constantinople, under the walls of which they concluded peace; the general object of the Turks was a passive defence south of the Danube. The Russians and Rumanians crossed the river during the summer, and the siege of Plevna began in July.

PLEVNA TOWN TAKEN FROM THE SKOBELEFF PARK.

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Plevna was three times attacked, but in the month of September it was decided to invest it, the siege lasting until December 10, when it fell. The attacking armies had lost some 40,000 men in killed, wounded, and sick, while the Turks lost in killed, wounded, and sick nearly 30,000 gallant soldiers.

Plevna, which is now a town with a population of some 21,000, is situated two or three miles from the banks of the river Vid; it is surrounded by a series of hills the summits of which rise to a height of some hundreds of feet above the town. The town would be a place of no importance, and certainly not worth the discomfort of a visit, were it not for the military interest that centres round it.

The military significance of Plevna, in which some 68,000 Turkish troops were besieged, lies chiefly in the fact that it is the meeting-place of several important roads, and an army stationed there would be a danger to the advance of any hostile force towards the south.

The population of Plevna is now largely made up of Bulgarians. There are, however, a certain number of Turks still left. Many of the older inhabitants have some knowledge of the Turkish language, which, as there are few who know French

or German, is a great assistance. I do not suppose there is any one at Plevna who can speak English.

I found many of the cabmen could discuss their prices in Turkish, and knew all the distances in that language; how much farther their capacity for speaking it carried them I am unable to say.

The town itself possesses various monuments and statues which have been built to commemorate the siege, and a fine new church has just been constructed by the Russians as a memorial of their final victory. On the outskirts of the town a new public garden, called the Skobeleff Park, has been laid out, which is ere now probably completed. From this park, situated on a small hill, you obtain a picturesque view of the town as it appears in my photograph.

A visit to Plevna is attended by various difficulties, if one does not know Bulgarian. There is, however, a passable hotel called the Europa; it is far from European in its arrangements, but the beds are tolerably clean, and one can get a kind of supper and some country wine. The cook or housekeeper was a German at the time of my visit, which makes arrangements more possible. My great difficulty was, however, to hire a vehicle to drive about the town, and prices were very exorbitant; I was, besides, more than usually

RUMANIAN CHAPEL AT GRAVITZA.

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unlucky in not obtaining a driver who understood even a smattering of Turkish.

You can still see the remains of some of the ancient fortifications of the town, and the Gravitza redoubts are distinctly visible as you drive out from the city towards Sistova. Much of the earthwork has fallen in, and the works as seen to-day appear quite unimportant; the parapets are perhaps some twelve feet high, and it is extraordinary to think with what force these forts withstood many attacks. Monuments have been erected to commemorate the losses during the assaults before the capture of these redoubts.

The village of Gravitza is situated just beyond the redoubts; it has a fine Rumanian Chapel, built to commemorate the siege. It is provided with a crypt in which you can see large quantities of skulls which have been found in the neighbourhood, and are stored on shelves.

It is difficult to find one's way round the defences of Plevna, as owing to a high state of cultivation of the ground, some of the earthworks have been destroyed, and others are hidden. I found visiting the defences took a long time, because all the roads lead into the town and none run round it, and therefore, when either riding or driving out in any direction, you must return to

the town before visiting the defences in another direction.

Of Varna, the principal port of Bulgaria on the Black Sea, I will say only a word or two; its importance is well known. The town is distant from Sofia 325 miles by train. At present all Bulgarian produce is obliged to go to Varna or to Burgas for export, unless it is sent by rail to Europe direct, or sent through some foreign country to a seaport town.

The population of Varna, which is estimated at about 37,000 inhabitants, makes this city rank next in order of importance after Philippopolis.

Rustchuk is on the southern bank of the river Danube, and is opposite to Giorgevo, in Rumania. It is a dirty-looking town, lying close to the river, and provided with a large number of mosques, easily distinguishable by the numerous minarets which appear above the houses. There are two railway stations, one in the town and one on the river, at which one embarks for Giorgevo. If any of my readers happen to pass Rustchuk on their way to Bucharest, let me advise them to be very careful that their luggage is labelled to the pier station, and is not unloaded in the town. Baggage direct from Sofia is labelled through to Bucharest, and examined by the custom-house officials there,

but if you happen to enter the train at Plevna, or any other intermediate Bulgarian station, you can only label your baggage and take your ticket to Rustchuk. Had it not been for the kind assistance and advice of one of my fellow-passengers, a Rumanian officer, I should have left all my possessions behind at Rustchuk town station; and, even as it was, I had the greatest difficulty in getting them put on to the steamer before it sailed, and a further terrible scrimmage in the custom-house at Giorgevo, in order to catch the express to Bucharest.

CHAPTER XII

The Bulgarian Army

From the earliest years of her existence the rapid development of Bulgaria as a military Power has attracted the attention not only of military men but of outside observers, who must realise that the youngest army in Europe may still become a factor of no little importance in the Near Eastern Question.

In South-Eastern Europe two important armies have arisen during the last quarter of a century: on the south of the Danube that of Bulgaria, organised on Russian principles; on the north, that of Rumania, has been framed on a German basis. If Rumania and Bulgaria should ever agree to throw in their lot together, their combined forces would certainly be equal to some of the Great Powers of Europe.

The army of Bulgaria may be classed as one of the most efficient, if not the best of the armies belonging to the smaller European countries; it surpasses all expectations, and I feel sure is vastly

superior to what it is believed to be by those who have never seen it.

After the formation of the Bulgarian Principality in 1878, Russian officers held all the higher posts, and were responsible for the training of the army until 1885. In this year, however, they were withdrawn by the Tzar of Russia, after the quarrel between Bulgaria and that country. The army was thus founded on good principles, and these foreign officers worked well for the good of Bulgaria as long as they remained responsible for the training of the troops.

In 1885 the war between Servia and Bulgaria took place. Although the Russian officers had been withdrawn from Bulgaria on the very eve of hostilities, the Bulgarian troops, notwithstanding the fact that they were for the most part led by young subalterns, fought well. General Petroff, who was Prime Minister from May 1903 to the autumn of 1906, and then only twenty-five years of age, was chief of the staff.

Prince Ferdinand, like his predecessor, Prince Alexander, takes the greatest interest in the army of the State, and notwithstanding the constant political changes and crises through which the country has passed during its short existence, the War Ministry has remained under the most efficient control.

The nation has undergone enormous sacrifices

to create and maintain an efficient army. Stamboloff arranged a loan for arming the infantry with the Mannlicher rifle and other improvements.

Service is universal and compulsory. The liability for military duty begins at the age of eighteen and lasts till forty-six, but recruits usually join at the age of twenty. There are the usual exemptions from service: Mohammedans, whose numbers in Bulgaria are yearly decreasing, may claim exemption on payment of a sum of £20, which they can but seldom afford. The period of continuous service for the infantry is two years, and for other arms three years. The Reserve Service has been extended from eight years to eighteen years in the infantry, and sixteen years in other arms, bringing the age for service in the infantry up to forty and in other arms up to thirty-nine. This is, I believe, the longest Reserve Service in Europe, it therefore creates an enormous Reserve for use in time of war, and thus enables the Bulgarians to turn out a very large army when necessity arises for a comparatively small standing army in peace-time.

After completion of service in the Active Army, the Bulgarian passes into the Territorial Force, which is divided into two parts, where he serves until he is forty-six years of age. The country is divided into nine divisional districts, each of

which supplies a division in peace. This division consists of eight battalions of infantry, one regiment of artillery, and one of divisional cavalry, besides engineers, howitzer and mountain batteries. On mobilisation each division is supposed to become an army corps of two divisions. Every battalion of infantry has four companies in peace-time; in war each company becomes a battalion, so that every battalion in peace becomes four battalions in war; thus every regiment which in peace is composed of two battalions becomes a brigade of eight battalions. The expansions are very great, but the organisation appears to be complete, and how it will work in war must largely depend on the strength and quality of the reserve of officers which are available to command these largely expanded units, and to which I refer later on.

The peace strength of an infantry battalion is just under 500 men, whilst in war the number of rifles that are available is about 1000. Two battalions of infantry form a regiment, two regiments a brigade, and two brigades the infantry part of a division. The infantry is armed with the ·315 Mannlicher magazine rifle and short bayonet, which is loaded with a clip containing five cartridges. Each soldier carries on his person 160 rounds of ammunition.

There are altogether about fifty-five batteries of field artillery, nine batteries of mountain guns, six batteries of howitzer guns, and a fortress regiment of artillery consisting of three battalions. The artillery has lately been rearmed with modern quick-firing guns (the re-armament was in process in 1906, when I attended the grand manœuvres of that year).

The cavalry consists of three bodyguard squadrons; also sixteen squadrons of cavalry of the line, these are formed into a division of two brigades, each of two regiments. The extra nine regiments required for the divisional districts are not at present quite completed. The cavalry is armed with the Mannlicher carbine and sabre.

The engineers are divided into telegraph, pontoon and railway companies, etc., as in other countries. The transport is largely augmented by a civilian element, previously registered, and owing to the small supply of horses in the country, oxen would have to be used in war.

The Reserve Army is commanded by officers who have been transferred from the Active Army to the Reserve Army, by young men who have passed examinations which qualify them for these posts, and by sergeant-majors who have done ten years or more in the Active Army.

A Mountain Gun in Action.

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The pay of an officer is less than in England, that of a general being about £480 per year, whilst that of a second lieutenant is only £87; living and uniform are, however, far cheaper. An officer quartered in Sofia pays for his food at the Military Club a fixed and absurdly small sum per month. The uniforms of officers, which are cut and fit well, are correspondingly cheap.

At Sofia there is a Military School for officers, a Topographical School for the preparation of maps, and a Staff College. Those gentlemen who pass well at the latter establishment can be attached to the armies of Austria, Italy, or Belgium for further instructions.

Bulgaria is principally fortified against Servia. The towns of Belograjik, about thirty miles from the Danube; Slivnitza, on the railway between Sofia and the Bulgarian frontier, and Sofia are strongly defended; Widin on the Danube, in the north-west of the Principality, and Silistria on the same river about seventy miles from the Black Sea, have been defended against Rumania. Dobric, to the south-east of Silistria, and between it and the Black Sea, is also fortified.

Several of the passes across the Balkans are, I believe, fortified, but as I have not visited them I am unable to give with any degree of certainty even

the approximate strength of these defences. Shumla, in Northern Bulgaria, is also strongly fortified.

The peace strength of the Bulgarian Army is estimated at about 53,000 of all ranks, but the war strength (when all the details of the newly formed portions of the army are completed) will be about 375,000 of all ranks. The Military Budget in 1907 was roughly £1,150,000 (besides loans), out of a total national expenditure of about £4,879,000.

Manœuvres take place annually about the end of September in different parts of the kingdom, generally beginning with divisional or district exercises in divisional districts, after which some classes of the Reserves are disbanded, and the remainder are marched to the areas destined for the grand manœuvres. Some sections of the Reserve are called out every year. Manœuvres generally take place in a possible area where on some future occasion there may be fighting with a real enemy. As the country is intersected by mountain ranges of considerable height, it is fairly easy to imagine the battlefields of the future.

The Bulgarian Army Manœuvres in 1906, of which I was a privileged spectator, and which I attended with the express permission of the Bulgarian War Office, were specially interesting owing to the strained relationship which then

BULGARIAN INFANTRY.

existed between Turkey and Bulgaria; they took place in the picturesque and mountainous district which lies between Iktiman, Samakof, and Sarambey. This district is situated to the south-west of Sofia, these towns only being distant a few miles from the capital.

The troops employed were composed of the Western or defensive force, consisting of the 1st or Sofia Division together with the 7th or Rilo Division, and the Eastern or attacking force, consisting of the 2nd Division; each division was augmented by six classes of its Reserves.

The Western or defensive force was supposed to form a portion of an army which having withdrawn into Bulgaria after a series of engagements which had taken place in the valleys of the Strouma and Bragalnitza (both situated within the Turkish frontier), had taken up a line to defend Sofia facing south-east, and was awaiting reinforcements.

The Eastern force represented an army corps detached from the main attacking army which had crossed the mountain passes of the Rhodope Balkans and was advancing north-west. The Western force was charged with preventing the Eastern or attacking force entering the valleys of Iktiman and Dolna Barnia, through which the main roads to Sofia and Samokof respectively pass.

Those who are even slightly cognisant of the geography of the Balkan Peninsula (and I think I have given sufficient facts in this book to convey that knowledge) will realise that the fighting would chiefly centre round the Trajan's Gateway, and the adjacent pass through which the Sofia-Constantinople Railway runs.

The operations which ensued lasted three days; the third was, however, cut short by bad weather, which rendered their continuation impossible. On the fourth day there ought to have been a grand review before His Royal Highness Prince Ferdinand, but this too had to be abandoned owing to the inclement state of the weather.

I will not burden my readers by giving them any detailed account of what actually took place during these manœuvres. The operations began, as is common to manœuvres, by cavalry skirmishes, and ended with attacks and counter attacks, and the usual doubt which always exists at manœuvres as to which force would have been victorious if live bullets had been employed. I think, however, that some account of the methods and way that the manœuvres were carried out may interest the public in view of the fact that some day, as I said above, this army may play an important part in the politics of the Near East.

A Trench Completed.

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The cavalry force, comparatively small in numbers, was not much noticed by the spectator. It is undoubtedly the least good branch of the Bulgarian Army. The horses are of a hardy mountain cob class, and are well ridden and attended to by the men in camp.

The artillery appeared to me to be excellent, some of the new quick-firing guns were, I believe, employed on the manœuvres, but the re-armament of the army was not then complete, and I did not personally see any of the new guns. I particularly noticed the careful way in which the ranges were at once altered by the men serving the guns, and the excellent manner in which the fire of the artillery was used to cover the advance or retirement of its infantry, rapid fire being employed to cover counter attacks. On one occasion I saw a battery galloped into action at about fifteen yards' interval, the guns being turned round before they were unlimbered, which I think demonstrates the skill of the drivers. No moving by hand was necessary before opening fire, and the guns were even ranged in a good line. The horses and limbers were always well hidden in rear while the guns were in action, and a series of alternative earthworks were prepared in different positions for the protection of the guns, in case of need. The artillery

moved rapidly from one part of the defence to another, as far as possible under cover. The horses, which I saw, were good.

The training of the infantry is throughout excellent. At the longer ranges I could hardly see the attacking lines of infantry as they made their way onwards, and at all times the men made the best use of every available piece of cover, and seemed to understand the value of the cover provided by folds in the ground. The advance at close ranges was rather more by crowds than regular lines, but as soon as a halt was made order was at once re-established. The use that was made of covering and supporting fire by the attackers was most marked, and rapid fire was immediately opened by the attacking infantry as soon as their enemies began to retire. The assault was delivered very rapidly, with drums beating and men cheering, the defending force having no idea of its probable advent.

The positions chosen for the infantry in defence were excellent; the best use was made of existing cover, and very well constructed trenches were dug. In many cases I could not even see lines of men until I actually approached them, the greatest care being taken to cover the trenches with fern and grass where the fresh earth would have appeared noticeable from a distance.

CUTTING THE FIRST SOD FOR AN INFANTRY TRENCH.

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An Assault and Counter Attack Meet.

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The officers take interest in their work. I was able to converse with some of the Reserve officers who were out for training, and seemed to thoroughly understand their business. The regimental officers take the greatest pains to observe the effect of their men's fire, and I often saw them give orders as to the elevation of the sights of the rifles under their command, and noticed that they were particularly careful that ammunition was not wasted.

The counter attacks, though almost theatrical, were realistic; at one time the infantry of the attacking force made an assault, whilst that of the defence made a counter attack; the two forces became entirely mixed up, but when the cease fire sounded, battalions re-formed in perfect order in the course of a few minutes.

Entrenchments are dug by the attacking troops; when they have seized a position of importance, it is at once strengthened. The men making these entrenchments under fire dig and shoot by alternate numbers; only a small hole is made in the ground and the earth carefully built in front of it. The parapet is almost invisible in my photograph; the cover from fire which it provides is, however, considerable. I think that the men in some cases considered they were sheltered from fire

when they were not, especially on one occasion when I saw them. In this case the entrenchments of the attackers were situated considerably below the level of the defenders' line, which caused more cover to be necessary. The attacking force were also rendered more visible by the fact of the large amount of kit that the Bulgarian carries on his back, which creates a good target when he is lying down, and even if his body is practically covered from fire assists an enemy to locate him.

The officers of the higher ranks seemed most efficient. All could converse in two or three languages, and it was a pleasant sight to see even generals moving about with plans of their defensive positions, which they gladly explained to me.

I had the opportunity of visiting the men in camp, and inspected the *tente d'abri* with which the infantry are provided. The canvas and poles are divided between its occupants; it appears to be serviceable and satisfactory in wet weather, and provides accommodation for, and is carried by, six men.

A new travelling kitchen was tried by the Bulgarian Army in 1906. The actual pattern proved not very practicable, because of its great weight for two horses when proceeding through mountainous country and over rough roads. A further disad-

ENTRENCHMENTS IN THE ATTACK.

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THE STEVANOFF KITCHEN.

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vantage is that, owing to the vibration, cooking on the march proved a difficulty. It is, however, intended to alter the pattern of the kitchen probably to one with four wheels, which will render cooking on the march more possible. This has possibly ere now been done.

The travelling kitchen which I saw in use was invented by a Bulgarian named Stevanoff. The frame was of iron, carried by two wheels, the whole being drawn by two horses. The box seat provides accommodation for two men, and under it is a space for stores; above the men's heads is a small fresh-water tank. The cooking part of the machine is supported on an iron frame behind the wheels; at the bottom is a fire, and above it a large boiler which holds 180 kilos. This boiler rolls on pins, so can be emptied and cleaned with ease without disturbing the fire. Water can be brought to the boil in half an hour after the cart becomes stationary. If the heating were done by some form of oil or spirit with forced draught like a blow-lamp, the kitchen would probably boil more quickly, the fuel would be less cumbersome, and the build of the grate part of the machine could be lighter. To set against these advantages, the wood or coal of the country could not be utilised.

I have only burdened my readers with a detailed

description of this cooking machine because few of the armies of Europe are provided with anything of the kind, and it is a question of the present day as to whether the saving of time is worth the extra transport required. There is no doubt that any appreciable time saved in providing troops on active service with a hot meal of soup or tea on arrival in camp is most valuable. Even on manœuvres in England I have had to wait hours before the men's dinners or teas were ready.

The men took the greatest care of their rifles, which proves the trouble that is taken to render the army efficient when it is required. A certain proportion of the infantry carry entrenching tools on the march.

The service dress of the Bulgarian Army is good, and is for the most part made of rough native cloth, which I should think wears well. The cap is a peaked one. The overcoat is made of long brownish-coloured cloth, and when rolled is carried high up on the back. The men wear for the most part native sandal shoes, and bandages of thick white serge. When I was in Bulgaria (a year earlier) in 1905, it had been decided to introduce an excellent pattern of marching boots which were only made in one or two sizes, and altered to suit the size of the owner's foot by three straps across the

instep instead of laces; a further advantage in these boots was gained by the provision of extra pairs of soles to fit them, which an officer on the Headquarter Staff told me the men themselves could fix on. As, however, I saw none of these splendid boots in wear on manœuvres in 1906, I imagine it was discovered these hardy soldiers could walk better in their native shoes than in any new-fashioned European boots, however good.

The general impression produced by this army under service conditions is quite excellent. In Bulgaria manœuvres are carried out in a proper and warlike manner. Troops sleep where the operations of the day imply that they would sleep in actual warfare, and operations are not carried out in order that they may rest at any prearranged camps.

The *personnel* of the army is excellent. The men, who are for the most part types of a healthy peasant race, showed no signs of fatigue after the hardships of the manœuvres, and the ambulances were scarcely used at all; personally I could see none that had any occupants as I walked along with the men on their way to camp after the last day's operations, although the weather had been wretched and we were completely wet through.

The kit of the Bulgarian soldier is a very heavy

one; it is excellently arranged, as is the manner in which it is carried, and although the Sofia Division performed a march of nearly thirty miles from Sofia to Iktiman in one day, the men seemed as well and cheerful as before they set out.

The spirit which pervades the ranks is splendid every man is cheerful, and seems to desire to perfect himself in the art of war to enable him to play his part in the great struggle to maintain the invincibility of Bulgaria, which cannot now be long postponed.

On the whole, it is conceivable that the Bulgarian Army is for its size vastly superior to any other force it is likely to have to encounter. This result is largely due to the painstaking efforts of the officers of all ranks, who treat their profession seriously. The hardy and enduring nature of the men adds largely to the efficiency of the army. If the Bulgarians have and do spend too great a sum of money on their army, it is safe to say that they certainly obtain a proportionately large result for their annual expenditure.

CHAPTER XIII

A Fortnight in Northern Asia Minor

After the Bulgarian Manœuvres, which I have already described, I went to Bucharest, and subsequently had the honour of being permitted to attend the Rumanian Annual Manœuvres held in 1906. The unexpected pleasure of being able to be present at these manœuvres caused me to return to Constantinople later in October than I had anticipated, and I had therefore to make the arrangements for my prospective journey in Asia Minor as quickly as possible. These arrangements were particularly hurried, as I had the good fortune to be just able to catch a boat for Ineboli belonging to the Austrian Lloyd Company.

It was on a chilly morning late in October that I set out from Constantinople. I entrusted Pelligrini with my baggage, and even our passports, arranging with him to pass the luggage through the custom-house, label it to Ineboli, and get the teskérés inspected and stamped by the official in

charge of passports. He followed out my instructions, and embarked on the ship, establishing my belongings in one of the worst cabins on board. Pelligrini, however, appeared to have forgotten that to embark on a ship in Turkey without showing your passport on the gangway is not allowed.

On my arrival at the quay-side, instead of finding Pelligrini waiting for me with my teskéré, I could nowhere discover him. After the greatest difficulty, and long after the steamer was timed to sail, with the aid of many bribes and persuasions I was allowed to embark without any passport, only to find my dragoman complacently seated on board waiting for me. His excuse was that he was afraid to leave my kit, which would have been perfectly safe under the care of the steward. However, as no misfortune had actually befallen me, I ought not to complain, and I only digress here in describing this small adventure (which was far more unpleasant than it sounds), to show my readers that everything does not run on oiled wheels in Turkey.

My readers who have been on the Black Sea will I am sure agree with me that it is but seldom an enjoyable experience. Most of the boats are comparatively small, and are often very light in cargo. My three voyages on this land-locked sea have

THE BLACK SEA COAST SHEWING PART OF INEBOLI.

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always been attended with great discomfort. A cold wind almost invariably blows, and ere one has hardly left the Bosphorus, a most unpleasant, rather quick, uneven movement begins. The ship first rolls one way, and then another, with a quite irregular motion. However much you suffer, you are always told it is a very calm passage, and you are lucky not to be in a gale.

The voyage from the Bosphorus to Ineboli is uninteresting; land disappears soon after the ship emerges from the Bosphorus, and is not again sighted until the ship is within a few hours of Ineboli. Soon after leaving Constantinople I was greatly disconcerted by discovering that it was often too rough to touch at Ineboli. My misgivings were increased by a fellow-passenger who informed me that he had followed that route on many occasions, and that constantly he had passed Ineboli without calling at all. However, although the weather was too stormy to suit me, we did arrive at my destination after about twenty-four most unpleasant hours on the Black Sea.

Ineboli is the port of Kastamouni. It is a small town on the Black Sea, with about 5000 inhabitants. There is no harbour, and no proper pier at present exists. A stone one was built, but has been partly washed away. The town lies at

the mouth of a ravine, down which the Devrikhan Chai flows, and is prettily situated near the water's edge, flanked on each side by sandy cliffs. The Han was comparatively good, and my bedroom had a lovely view over the Black Sea. Owing to the fact that traders often go from Ineboli to Kastamouni, I had no difficulty in obtaining two "arabas" (carriages) for my journey. My luggage was just too much, in addition to Pelligrini and myself, to form a comfortable load for one araba, and I therefore hired a rough van for the baggage and one on springs for ourselves. This gave me the advantage of halting when I liked, and being able to overtake the luggage before nightfall. My evening at Ineboli was rendered pleasant by a visit with which Mr. Mantovani, the Agent of the Austrian Lloyd Steamship Company, honoured me.

As I think I explained in my chapter about the Defences of Constantinople, it is possible that Russia might either land a force in Asia Minor from the Black Sea and march on Constantinople, or she might march direct from Trans-Caucasia towards the capital. In either case, it would probably be desirable for her to select a road as near the Black Sea as possible, in order that one flank might be more or less secure, and that she might be in connection with her fleet in case of

necessity. This would render re-embarkation possible, or a further landing of troops and of provisions might be effected, to render assistance to the striking force already on shore.

If the plan arranged for the attack on the capital was, that a Russian force should be landed from the Black Sea in Northern Asia Minor, it is possible that a landing might be effected at the town of Ineboli, or at various points to the east or west of this place.

As I have already explained, any landing at Ineboli in rough weather (and especially when a north wind is blowing) is impossible. Although the town is unfortified, a landing could be rendered almost impracticable even in calm weather by occupying the hills behind the town with troops. The point in favour of Ineboli is that the road from it to Kastamouni is one of the best that leads from the seacoast to the interior of Asia Minor.

Now turning our attention to the points on the east of Ineboli which would possibly be landing-places for a Russian force, we come first to the town Sinope, distant roughly 75 miles from Ineboli. Sinope is said to be the best roadstead between the Bosphorus and Batoum in Russia. It is connected with Kastamouni by a road (which I understood was in bad condition but passable for wheeled traffic). The distance is about 90 miles.

At Samsun, the next port, a landing is difficult, and the place is, I believe, defended by two small forts; it is distant from Kastamouni roughly 150 miles; moreover, the river Kizil-Irmak has to be crossed by a ferry, which would greatly increase the difficulty of the march. It is unlikely that a landing farther east than Samsun would be attempted, as the distance to be covered by land would be very great. Also a landing being always of very great difficulty in any enemy's country, it would probably be better to undertake the whole march from Trans-Caucasia than to attempt a landing so far distant from Constantinople. The distance from the Turco-Russian frontier to Ada-Bazaar is very roughly some 700 miles.

There are, however, one or two small ports on the west of, and therefore nearer to, Constantinople than Ineboli. Moving from east to west, the first place of any importance is the mouth of the river Bartin Su, near the town Bartin. This is the port of Zafranboli mentioned anon. These towns are connected by a road passable for wheeled traffic. Eregli, the ancient Heraclea, is a possible landing-place for troops, but no good roads towards the interior exist. Akche-Shehr, which I understand is the very inferior port of Boli, is connected with that town by a road which meets the main route

from east to west at the village of Duzjeh, a few miles west of Boli.

As to the facilities for landing troops at all these ports, I am unable to give any details, as I have not visited them. I believe, however, a landing might possibly be effected, or supplies might be landed for an invading army. It is more probable, however, that a Russian advance would be made by land from Trans-Caucasia through Asia Minor, possibly with the moral support of a fleet on the Black Sea. A Russian railway runs almost up to the Turkish frontier. To guard against this advance, the town of Erzeroum, which is situated approximately but 60 miles from the Russian frontier, has been fortified with a line of works commanding the roads; the guns are either mounted or stored ready for mounting.

Coming now to my own journey, from which I have for a moment digressed. My object in making this expedition to Ineboli was to have the opportunity of returning to Constantinople along the road through Kastamouni, Zafranboli, Geredeh, and Boli to Ada-Bazaar, where this route meets the Ada-Bazaar branch of the Anatolian Railway. This line of advance is, owing to its being the nearest to the sea, one of the most likely to be followed in case of any march towards Constantinople. In

order not to burden my readers with an itinerary of the journey, I will endeavour to divide it to some extent into sections, each of which occupied two or three days according to its length.

After leaving Ineboli, the road proceeds up a narrow valley, and follows the course of the picturesque stream known as the Devri-Khan, or Iki-Chai. The hills over which it winds are covered with trees which, in the month of October, are just beginning to change the colour of their leaves, and present a most lovely aspect, of diverse shades from yellow to almost red. The villages are small and few and far between. When you arrive at the top of the first range of hills, attained by ascending steep, sharp zigzags, a lovely view of the Black Sea is laid before you. The road winds up and down, and though well engineered is in places very steep and in bad condition, and you are often only too glad to descend from your shaky vehicle (which may or may not have springs), and walk for a time to stretch your cramped limbs. The most important village that you pass during the first day's march is Kuré, where there are copper mines, supposed to have been worked by the Romans, and which were formerly very productive. The shafts are now in many cases full of water, but if properly worked would again probably be

ROCKY PEAK BETWEEN INEBOLI AND KURÉ.

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productive. The scenery throughout the day is magnificent. Many steep valleys border the road; these are backed by splendid rocky peaks.

I reached Edgeweid, a small village with two Hans and one or two houses, after a march of about seven hours from Ineboli. This is the usual halting-place for travellers from Ineboli to Kastamouni, as the whole distance of fifty-seven miles is too great to be accomplished in one day, except with great exertion, and only then in the midst of summer, when the days are long.

At Edgeweid I found Pelligrini was a known person, having passed along this route before. We arrived at what the drivers called the principal Han, where my interpreter was immediately recognised, because he had refused to pay an exorbitant price for rooms about eighteen months previously. The Hanji (hotel-keeper) without delay demanded four times the value of his apartments, and we were forced to visit the other establishment, which, though smaller, was to my mind infinitely superior to the first house we had seen. My recollection of the night at Edgeweid carries me back to naught but immense numbers of mice and rats which literally swarmed in my room. I saw these animals running over my bed long before I attempted to go to rest, and even though I kept

a light burning throughout the night, I was greatly disturbed by the unearthly noises of these creatures.

Leaving Edgeweid very early on the following morning, I arrived at Kastamouni in the afternoon. The first few hours of this second day's march lay through the most beautiful wooded mountain scenery. Unfortunately, owing to the season of the year and the early hour of the day, many of the forest-clad peaks were wrapped in clouds, and at times the road itself ran through thick belts of mist. I halted and waited for some time, hoping for a view of these magnificent hills, but failed to obtain one. I crossed Chatal Tepe Mountain (4200 feet), the highest peak on the route, just south of Edgeweid. The country is thickly wooded, chiefly with low oak trees, the ground is rocky.

Shortly after passing Chatal Tepe, the road debouches into a plain cultivated for corn, and crosses the river Devri Han Chai at the village of Saidilar, thenceforth the scenery becomes much less picturesque. Thence the road to Kastamouni crosses some small hills and runs down a narrow gorge, and again ascends hills, which overlook the town of Kastamouni. The whole journey from Ineboli to Kastamouni took me some sixteen hours, but I had good horses, which trotted along

when the condition of the road allowed it. The whole road from Ineboli to Kastamouni is paved and passable for all sorts of traffic; there are no gradients or drifts that would impede the march of heavy waggons which constantly pass over it to the sea. The condition of the "chaussée" (pavement) is in parts bad and out of repair, but at the time of my visit much work was being carried out to improve this state of things.

Kastamouni, sometimes called Kastambol, is the capital of a Turkish vilayet; it is situated in the narrow valley of the river Geuk Irmak. The town is built on the banks of this small sluggish stream and on the steep slopes of the neighbouring hills. The majority of the houses are thoroughly Turkish. The population, of about 13,000, is for the most part Turkish, many of whom are exiles from the more accessible world. About 2000 Christians dwell at Kastamouni, the remainder of the people being Mohammedans. Almost the only language which the inhabitants understand is Turkish. I found only one man, an Armenian chemist, who could speak any French, and it was not easy therefore for me personally to make any inquiries as to which would be the best road to select to reach Boli. I had the greatest difficulty in finding drivers that were willing to go to Zafran-

boli, and more than one lot failed me. The Governor was kind and obliging, and gave me what information he could.

The Han at Kastamouni was fairly good, and I was able to obtain some food cooked on the grill before my eyes. The best dish was chopped-up meat, cooked in the form of a sort of patty. Another course, which tasted better than it sounds, was composed of small squares of meat toasted on a skewer. I had supper in the little coffee-shop surrounded by Turkish officials, who were much interested in my visit. In the absence of Pelligrini I managed to carry on a lame conversation with them in Turkish.

On the outskirts of the town the ruins of an old castle crown the summit of a rocky hill: I obtained an excellent view of the valley from this ancient stronghold. I paid a visit to the boys' school, situated in the middle of the town. The school is under the charge of an Arab exile, who showed me all over the premises. The boys are taught, besides the ordinary literary subjects, how to make carpets and other useful articles, which are sold for the benefit of the establishment. I went all through the schoolrooms and dormitories, in each of which about fifty boys sleep. The Konak, which stands towards the outskirts

PART OF THE OLD CASTLE AT KASTAMOUNI.

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of the town, is an imposing building, surrounded by a courtyard.

Kastamouni is important as the meeting-place of roads from all directions: one runs north-east, as I mentioned before, to Sinope and Samsun; another goes south to Angora; whilst the one I have already discussed arrives from Ineboli on the north. The route running west to Zafranboli I shall describe below.

The climate of the town, which is subject to extremes of heat and cold, is said to be healthy. The Vilayet of Kastamouni, of which the town is the capital, extends along the coast of the Black Sea from a point about 35 miles south-east of Sinope to a point 100 miles east of Constantinople, its average width from north to south is about 75 miles, widening out in the neighbourhood of the town of Kastamouni to about 125 miles. Kastamouni is the headquarters of a division of regular infantry.

After halting at Kastamouni for twenty-four hours, I again set out on my road to Boli by way of Zafranboli. My start from Kastamouni was a somewhat troublesome one, and the baggage was finally loaded up by the Han boy in his night-shirt, although the hour was about 3 p.m. The month was Ramazan, and he had been up all night attend-

ing to the customers who were feasting during the hours of darkness. This provided him with a good excuse. I left the town in the afternoon, because I found that although I could only travel a few miles before dark, those few miles ensured an early start on the morrow, whereas it is generally quite impossible to arrange for an early departure from a big town on the first day of a march.

After leaving Kastamouni, a rough track passes over the hills, which are bare, barren, and but sparsely populated. The journey was very cold, depressing, and melancholy; a strong wind, accompanied at times by drizzling rain, did not improve the surroundings. I slept the night at a most uncomfortable Han. The building merely consisted of a stable, and a small coffee-shop downstairs, and a loft containing a corn store upstairs. Out of this store there opened a small room in which I passed the night. All the police and drivers slept in the coffee-shop, huddled round the dying embers of an inferior fire.

After traversing these barren hills for some eight or ten hours, and shortly before reaching the valley of the Arach Su, in which the pretty village of Arach is situated, the road runs through some woods of scattered pine trees, which break the monotony of the scenery. The drivers and

ARACH VILLAGE.

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zaptiehs (Turkish escort) decided the village of Arach would be a pleasant resting-place to pass the second night after leaving Kastamouni, but as the day was still young when we arrived there, I decided to go on a few hours farther.

At Arach, it had apparently been arranged to change the gendarmes, who nearly always travel by stages, but as there were no fresh ones ready to accompany me, I had to go on alone. This led to rather an unpleasant adventure. On the outskirts of the village, which has a population of about 3000, I halted to take the photograph which I have produced in this book. The pack-horses and their owner went on ahead as usual; Pelligrini remained with me. By accident I was delayed some ten or fifteen minutes, changing films and taking photographs, and then resumed my march. Unfortunately for me, the road ran through a ford and then divided into two tracks. The two paths appeared equally unimportant, and I was unable to make out which route the horses had followed. After several inquiries at a small hamlet near by, from none of which I could obtain any satisfactory information, I decided to follow the track along the river bank which appeared to be the correct one. My anxiety was not so much as to whether I could discover the correct way to Zafranboli, as I saw

a telegraph wire which probably went there, but rather to know if the horses had taken the direct road, as I knew their owner wanted to remain at Arach for the night, and would probably have been only too pleased to lose me, in order to return there for the nominal purpose of finding me, but really to pass the night in the village.

During the search for the horses and the proper road, the difficulties of the situation were increased by Pelligrini parting company with his horse, the saddle having slipped round owing to the proverbial loose girth, which consisted of an old hemp rope. This gentleman was as usual terrified, and thought he had concussion of the brain, or some equally terrifying disease. However, we managed to push the pack-saddle round into its proper position on the horse's back, which I was horrified to discover was very sore, and after a little delay resumed the journey.

After a ride of three or four hours, during which I met a few travellers going to Kastamouni, some of whom said they had seen the horses and some denied meeting them, I was much delighted to hear the welcome bells of the pack-animals ahead of me. It had been a rather disagreeable experience, as I was obliged to ride on alone to enable me to try to catch the horses. I was, of

course, unable to tell if Pelligrini had had another fall, and perhaps been seriously hurt, in which case I should have been left alone, miles away in Asia Minor. However, as soon as I caught the pack-horses, we halted and waited for Pelligrini, who in due time arrived, rather sorry for himself. During the search for my horses I met a traveller who greeted me as a friend. I was unable to understand the matter, and finally found the man in question remembered me in Constantinople. At first I doubted the meaning of his salutations, but he finally described an incident which caused me to recollect that he was a man from whom I had made purchases in the streets of Pera. We talked as friends for a few minutes, and each passed on towards his intended destination. My readers may consider I was foolish not to have passed the night at Arach, and had I been able to foretell the future I should naturally have done so; I always, however, prefer to sleep in a corn-loft rather than be obliged to occupy a very dirty room in a more pretentious abode. Moreover, I naturally supposed I should be caught up by a zaptieh soon after leaving Arach. As it was, I completed the march almost to Zafranboli before a policeman mysteriously appeared from somewhere to "show me the way."

I passed the night at a small Han, where I had the utmost difficulty in gaining admittance, as the whole place was shut up for the night. The valley of the Arach Su, which varies in width from a narrow gorge to about a mile, is very pretty, the hills on either side being well wooded, and the land bordering the river banks well cultivated for corn. The scenery is diversified by the tiny Turkish hamlets with their wooden minarets visible above the surrounding houses.

It was a happy feeling to arrive at Zafranboli after about twenty-three hours' marching. The road is far from good, and is I think at present almost impassable in places for wheeled traffic, though it might easily be improved. Many of the bridges over which it passes are in a terribly bad state of repair, with steep approaches to them. Moreover, the road would be heavier and worse for carts in the winter than at the time I describe, after the dry season of the year. I had fortunately taken the advice of the Vali (Governor) and inhabitants of Kastamouni, and performed the march on horseback instead of attempting to drive. The horses were only equipped with pack-saddles, so it was fortunate for me I had provided myself with a European saddle. Pelligrini was obliged to ride on one of these pack-saddles, as he could not even

ZAFRANBOLI, SHEWING THE GOVERNMENT OFFICES ON THE HILL.

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obtain an ordinary native saddle which, to Europeans, is far from comfortable.

Zafranboli, a town with a population of about 9000, is one of the most romantic and picturesquely situated places I have ever visited. It lies in a valley at the foot of the Duran Dagh, and is distant about two miles from the northern bank of the Arach Su. A small stream flows through the centre of the town in a deep, narrow, rocky gorge, which divides the place into two distinct quarters, namely, the Charshi, or Turkish quarter, and the Greek quarter, called Kiran Keuy. The houses are built in the valley and on the hills which border it. The Greek quarter, on the west of the town, gradually rises from the brink of this rocky gorge to the summit of a hill, and the streets leading up to the Greek market-place, which is the centre of Kiran Keuy, are steep and almost precipitous. There is a large ancient Greek church with old inscriptions. It possesses some ancient brass and white metal plate, and one or two candlesticks, which I unsuccessfully attempted to purchase.

The Moslem quarter of the town is dominated by a high hill on which is the Konak ; this hill has overhanging cliffs which drop sheer down to the valley below, and produce a very curious effect. The town is also provided with a hospital and a prison.

I found a tolerably clean Greek hotel in Kiran Keuy; beds were provided, and I had space and opportunity for a bath, so that after a rest of twenty-four hours I was ready to undertake a further march. Transport in the form of pack-horses was easily hired. I was fortunate enough to obtain a good fat, iron-grey pony, on which I was comfortably able to trot along when I desired to do so, and which at times even pulled more than I liked.

From Zafranboli my course, which from Kastamouni had run nearly due west, turned towards the south. I slept the first night at a very small village called Zobran. I think I passed this night in the most completely Turkish village I have ever visited. I arrived at the hamlet just before dark, and found a small low upstairs room, more like a loft; it adjoined the mosque, and was given to me by the Khoja (or learned man of the village), who also performed the duties of Muezzin (caller to prayers) and Imam (leader of the prayers). This gentleman was most attentive in providing for all my wants. From this room, which was above the Khoja's own living-room, I could hear the people down below asking Pelligrini about me, as they sat round the fire at supper.

When I arrived at Zobran, I found the whole male population of the village collected in this

A Rocky Gorge in Zafranboli.

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Khoja's downstairs room, partaking of the evening meal, after their day of fast for Ramazan. They invited me to come in and eat with them, of course insisting on my taking what they considered the best place, close to an open fire on the hearth. We all helped ourselves out of a common dish of rather greasy meat and vegetables combined. This dish was pushed from one person to the other, each one making use of his fingers, as there were no plates or knives and forks. The contents tasted like sweets and meat all in one. Although I was very hungry, I did not much care for this Turkish dish, and moreover, as there was no great quantity to feed about twenty hungry men, I did not like to help myself to more than one or two small mouthfuls.

After I had unpacked my own baggage and had my supper, I returned to pass the evening with the inhabitants of the place, who had by that time all reassembled to have the opportunity of seeing me. We smoked and talked on every subject of which my linguistic talent would permit. I well remember one old Turk was very much interested in my description of Plevna, as he had been there during the siege; he was naturally most anxious to know in what respects the town had changed since the year 1877.

Early the next morning all the villagers assembled to see me off, and were greatly delighted at having their photographs taken; most of them accompanied me to the outskirts of the parish, where I thanked them for their hospitality, and we bade each other farewell.

The whole of the country immediately south of Zafranboli is cultivated for barley. After leaving Zobran, the route lies for hours, in fact a whole day, along the banks of the river Kilder Chai. Sometimes the valley is a mere wooded gorge with overhanging rocky sides, the path lying close to the water's edge; at other times it widens out to the width of a mile or more. The path crosses and recrosses the river several times through fords. Often the most picturesque, though rather shaky bridges span the stream, and enable foot passengers to cross from one bank to the other dry-footed. I spent another night in the hills at a tiny place called Ozan Keuy. Here again the villagers seemed delighted at the sight of a visitor, and some of the men almost wept when I departed in the morning, as they seldom have the opportunity of seeing a foreigner. The chief men of the village again came to the borders of their parish and waited there till I was out of sight.

HOUSE AT OZAN KEUY.

MY HORSES BETWEEN ZAFRANBOLI AND GEREDEH.

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After passing over a rough wooded range of hills, from which an excellent view of the surrounding country is obtained, my path united with the road from Cherkesh and Tossia, which is the old post road to Bagdad. Henceforward the road, which in places has previously been but a winding path, greatly improves, and we were able to trot along.

The condition of the road from Zafranboli to Geredeh is wretched. It is said the authorities are going to construct a chaussée from Kastamouni to Geredeh *via* Cherkesh, which is a more southern route than the one I followed: I daresay, however, it may be years before anything in this direction is ever brought about.

Geredeh is situated about 4500 feet above the level of the sea. The population, of about 5000 inhabitants, has a large Christian element, who dwell there for trading purposes. The town, which is built on the side of a hill, looks prettier in the distance than when it is entered. I spent the night in rather an uncomfortable Han, but was fortunate enough to discover a small restaurant where they cooked quite eatable food. An Englishman seemed a great curiosity in Geredeh, as an enormous crowd of children followed me about and stood gazing in while I ate my supper.

Once arrived at Geredeh, you are again more or less in the civilised world. It is a fairly common thing for travellers to proceed thence to Ada-Bazaar by road, and therefore I had no difficulty in obtaining carriages, but a considerable amount of bargaining was required in order to hire them at a reasonable price.

The drive from Geredeh to Boli occupies some eight hours with good horses, which can trot along when the road permits of such a pace. I was rather amused, a few hours after leaving Geredeh, to be asked to get out of the araba in order that the driver might put on a new wheel. I had noticed the wheel of my carriage seemed in a bad state of repair before we started, and could not obtain any satisfactory information about it. However, on the road we met another cart bringing a new wheel for my vehicle, and the drivers changed the old for the new without any difficulty while I waited. Soon after leaving Geredeh, the plain is broken by some small lakes. For a few miles before arriving at Boli, the road follows the course of the Boli Su; the country is fertile, and one sees many herds of goats, and passes one or two grinding-mills driven by water.

Boli, the capital of one of the four Sanjaks (districts) of the Kastamouni Vilayet, is situated

THE BOLI DAGH LOOKING WEST.

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in a rich plain, watered by the Boli Su, a tributary of the Fileyas Chai. The population of the town is estimated at about 10,000. Boli is dominated on the east by a flat-topped hill on which there is a school for boys—an ugly white building, which you can distinguish long before you approach the town. I was very carefully watched whilst in this town, and nearly involved myself in difficulties by taking photographs of the Konak. I was never left out of sight by police, who professed to show me about the town, and would not even allow me time to have my supper alone, but insisted on coming into the small restaurant with me and making conversation about frivolous subjects the whole time. My reception by the Mutessarif (Governor) was rather more interesting than usual. The Konak, outside rather dilapidated, was in the interior more comfortable than most buildings which serve a like purpose. His Excellency, who was an Arab, received me in the presence of his two young sons, who knew French, and we carried on quite an ardent political conversation in that tongue, through the official interpreter. I believe the Governor himself also understood French, but he professed not to do so. The officials were very anxious to hear the latest news of the Russian Duma, and when it was likely

to be resummoned. They also were very curious as to the British opinion concerning the internal state of Russia and what would become of her. I gave them all the information at my disposal.

I had one other curious experience at Boli which created great consternation amongst the authorities. I went to the post office to send a telegram, which of course had to be written in Turkish characters. As Pelligrini was unable to write and I could not trust my own knowledge sufficiently at that time to undertake writing the Turkish characters, we dictated what I wanted to say to one of the clerks, who wrote it down for us. I then looked at the writing myself, and I shall never forget the astonished face of the assistant when I told him my name was wrongly spelt and how to correct it. I even heard the police talking of my knowledge of the Arabic letters during the evening. One of them was so astonished that when he was telling Pelligrini something, he said, "Oh, we need not explain that to the Effendi; he can write, and therefore needs no information," or Turkish words to that effect. Needless to say, I had no knowledge concerning the subject the policeman intended to explain. I only stop to tell this story to show how very useful a little knowledge sometimes proves.

THE ROAD PASSES THROUGH THE BOLI FOREST.

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Two or three hours after leaving Boli, the ascent of the Boli Dagh commences. The Boli Dagh is a forest-clad range; the col, or pass, across which the road passes is flanked on either side by higher wood-covered hills. The road runs through this magnificent forest of beautiful trees for six or eight miles. The Turkish authorities take no steps to ensure that the trees are cut with any system, and the ones nearest to the road are taken first, regardless of their age or condition.

All along this more frequented portion of the road I constantly met caravans, composed at times of whole families. Sometimes the women drove, and sometimes rode cross-legged. I was always much amused to notice with what skill the ladies closely drew their veils across their faces as I approached them, and how equally certain they were to turn round to catch sight of the European man, after they had passed him. From the distance, therefore, we were able to look at one another.

I saw one Turkish lady out ploughing in the fields. She wore a handkerchief tied over her head, and a pair of very loose dark-coloured bloomers. I was improper enough to take her photograph. Immediately I dismounted from my horse to take the photograph, she turned her back on me, and I cannot therefore give my readers the picture of

her face; I think that owing to the make of my camera, which I hold up to my face, she thought I was looking at her through field-glasses. I did not like to approach her any nearer to obtain a better photograph, as it would have been quite contrary to Turkish ideas, and I ought not in fact to have photographed her at all. Mohammedans are often afraid to be photographed, and are superstitious about it.

The small town of Duzjeh, with a population of about 5000 inhabitants, can only boast of one straight street. The fertile valley of the Milan Su surrounds it. Tobacco is largely grown. At Duzjeh, as I said before, a road branches off to the Black Sea at Akche-Shehr.

After leaving the Vilayet of Kastamouni (a few miles to the west of Duzjeh), the road entered the Sanjak or district of Ismid, and immediately became in a worse state of repair, as the responsibility for the construction and maintenance of the highways rests with Governors, and the Governor of this district apparently took no trouble with his roads.

Kandak, a small place of some two or three thousand inhabitants, is the next village of any importance. It is the centre of the timber trade, and lies in a wooded district. Wood is sent *via* Ada-

A Mohammedan Woman out Ploughing.

A Man out Ploughing.

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My Carriage from Geredeh to Ada-Bazaar.

The Main Street of Kandak

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Bazaar to Constantinople. From Kandak the road gradually descends into the valley of the river Sakaria, and after crossing that river by a long wooden bridge, almost at once enters the town of Ada-Bazaar.

Ada-Bazaar is situated in a fertile, well-watered plain between the rivers Sakaria and Clark Su (ancient Melas). This plain is liable to floods during the wet seasons of the year. The town is straggling and covers a large area of ground, many of the houses standing in their own gardens. The population, of about 18,000, is made up of some 11,000 Turks, 6000 Armenians, and 1000 Greeks and others. A branch of the Anatolian Railway has recently been constructed to join Ada-Bazaar to the main line, and saves travellers a drive of five or six miles. It is, I believe, proposed at some future time to extend this railway eastwards towards Kandak and Boli, but no arrangements have yet been made for the construction of the new line. The Han at Ada-Bazaar is typical of what a Turkish hotel ought to be. Vehicles drive into a large covered court with a glass roof. Round this court on the ground floor is the café and, I believe, the stables. A wooden staircase leads up to a beautifully clean gallery which runs all round the building. Out of this gallery the bedrooms,

which are all numbered, open. These are of various sizes; some have one, some two, or perhaps even three beds, besides a basin, table, and one or more cane chairs. There is another kind of accommodation in the Han, equally orderly and clean, for the poorer classes of the community. This consists of one or more rooms each provided with, I think, ten or twelve mattresses placed in rows on the floors; one of these mattresses can be hired, I think, for about twopence or threepence per night. These rooms have, of course, no furniture besides the mattresses.

The Americans have a missionary school for Armenian girls; it seemed quite odd to talk English again to the Superintendent, on whom I paid a call.

The journey which I have just described was my first one by road in Asia Minor. It is impossible not to notice several points of difference between the inhabitants of Anatolia and the European subjects of the Sultan. The former people are distinctly far more hard-working; they are quieter, simpler in their tastes, and far more civil to strangers than are their European brethren who are brought in contact with their Christian fellow-subjects. Every man is a king in his own eyes; my experience was that, in his own way, every man tried

to do his best for my comfort, and when a bargain was made he attempted to carry it out. The people keep the fast of the Ramazan more strictly, and in general carry out their religious duties more rigorously, than they do in the Balkan Peninsula.

The authorities and inhabitants are far less suspicious than they are in Turkey in Europe, and the difficulties placed in your way are therefore proportionately less. The roads are, of course, at times worse than the European ones, and although much work is being done to improve them, it is not being carried out with such zeal as in Europe.

Accommodation for travellers in Asia Minor is in Hans, often equipped with no furniture whatever, or in village houses, but practically never in hotels provided with food. In Europe you may find an inferior hotel in the larger towns, which I have already described more than once.

From the town of Ada-Bazaar the train conveys you to Haidar-Pasha, on the Sea of Marmara, in the course of about seven hours.

CHAPTER XIV

Railways of the Near East

I

BALKAN PENINSULA

The methods of travelling in the Balkan Peninsula are diverse. The tourist may cross this accessible Peninsula surrounded by the comforts of the Orient Express, with its luxurious sleeping-cars, comfortable arm-chairs, and delicate cuisine, or he may penetrate the Rhodope Balkans and the Mountains of Albania seated on the uncomfortable pack-saddle of a donkey. I have been fortunate enough to see the charms of the Near East in both these ways, each of which has its own attractions for a real lover of travel.

I have endeavoured in foregoing chapters to give some account of more than one cross-country journey in the Balkan Peninsula and in Northern Asia Minor. In this short chapter I am going, first, to endeavour to explain the character of the

A Loaded Pack-Horse.

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railways which now exist in the Balkan States and the Ottoman Dominions, and subsequently, the railway lines of which the construction is proposed or considered desirable.

Before entering into any discussion concerning this matter, I feel sure that I shall be permitted to say that I think, whatever may be the gain to any foreign nation or nations from railways constructed in any part of the world, the fact of a network of railways must have a civilising and pacifying effect on the regions through which they pass, and also that these railways must be a benefit to the inhabitants, unless they are (as I shall show some have been) constructed with the promise of a kilometric guarantee. I make this preliminary remark in case any of my readers consider from the following observations that I am opposed to railway construction in any part of the Balkans or of Asia Minor.

As I have said elsewhere, when the Great Powers of Europe discuss Macedonian Reform, most of them mean "Macedonian Partition," or, at any rate, its division into spheres of interest which will give them areas in which they can increase their control.

That a real desire for reform in Macedonia is wanting on the part of some of the Great Powers

is apparent by recent events affecting the railways of the Balkan Peninsula. I mean specially the discussion concerning the proposed railway from Uvac to Mitrovitza across the Sanjak of Novi-Bazaar. The Sultan, even (who is usually averse to railways, carrying with them as they do, the danger of reform) is only too delighted to sign an Iradé for a railway concession, if this signature will stir up dissension amongst the Powers of Europe, and thereby lessen the pressure for reform on the Sublime Porte. In this case the Iradé was only for a preliminary survey of a line that had already been foreshadowed by the Berlin Treaty. Therefore a diplomatic rupture between the two most interested Powers in the Muerzteg Programme of 1904, namely Russia and Austria, was secured for a very small price. The Sanjak of Novi-Bazaar, moreover, is already occupied by an Austrian military force, although administered civilly by Turkey, and therefore there was not much to be feared from an increase of control in that district.

The Sultan only grants reforms, and naturally only grants them, out of fear. Therefore, when the Concert of Europe is divided, he realises that pressure for reforms will be weak, as no one alone, or even two Great Powers, would insist on any of their proposals being accepted.

Before entering upon any discussion on the present railways of the Balkan Peninsula, or upon the routes to be followed by proposed schemes, or how the present or future railways affect the international situation in the Near East, it is advisable for a moment to consider the relationships of the various smaller Balkan Powers to one another, and to Europe in general.

The Balkan Peninsula, of course, contains Turkey, Rumania, and Greece, besides Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, Bosnia, and Herzegovina. Rumania is cut off from the rest of the above-named countries by the river Danube—almost as impassable as a sea. There are no bridges between Rumania and Bulgaria, her Southern neighbour. At Cernavoda, in Eastern Rumania, a bridge (the second longest in Europe) has been built across the Danube, over which the railway passes to the port of Constanza. This bridge over the river alone is more than 800 yards long, the roadway being more than 30 yards above the water. Besides the bridge itself, it was necessary to construct viaducts across a length of several kilometres; the total cost was, I believe, £1,400,000.

Bulgaria, we know, is the nominal vassal of Turkey. In railway projects, as in other matters, her policy is more or less governed by her rival

interests with Servia, and by her anxiety for an outlet on the Mediterranean.

Servia is animated by dislike to Austria. Should a railway connect Western Europe with Salonika, without passing through Servia, her trade might be damaged. Servia is desirous of an outlet on the Adriatic both for the purposes of trade and because it may enable her to increase her influence over Old Servia.

Many of the railways of Turkey have been built only when a kilometric guarantee has been arranged. A kilometric guarantee means that the Turkish Government guarantee the Company which constructs the line a fixed sum per kilometre per year, if the receipts of the railway do not reach a certain arranged amount. The amount of the guarantee is fixed by arrangement for each new line before its construction is begun.

The money for this object is supposed to be collected from the districts through which the railway runs, and therefore, as a railway constructed with a kilometric guarantee carries with it either new taxes or increased energy in the collection of the existing taxes, it is conceivable that it may prove only a mixed blessing to the inhabitants, especially should the district be a poor one, with but few goods for export.

Let us now turn to the railways which at present exist in the Balkan Peninsula, and consider them each very shortly in detail: the main line, which is followed by the Orient Express, runs in a south-easterly direction from Belgrade to Constantinople. Of the total distance of 659 miles, 212 miles are in Servia and belong to the Servian State Railways; 110 miles are in the Principality of Bulgaria and belong to the Bulgarian State Railways; of the remaining 337 miles, which belong to the Oriental Railway Company, 116 are in Eastern Rumelia and 221 in Turkey. This Great Trunk Route was opened for through traffic in 1888 and has no kilometric guarantee. The importance of this through line is apparent to the least informed person in Eastern matters. It at present connects Constantinople and the Middle East with Europe, and may in the future connect the Persian Gulf, or even India, with London.

I will now endeavour to treat the most important branches of this line in some detail, as far as possible grouping these tributary lines according to the countries through which they run. I begin with Servia.

A line leaves the main route at Velika Plana between Belgrade and Nish, and meets the Danube at Smederevo, a distance of about 25 miles. At

Nish, the important line, second only to the main route to Constantinople and possibly destined in the future to become of even primary importance, runs south to Salonika, a distance of 278 miles; this line enters Turkey after about 70 miles. The remainder of the journey is for the most part down the valley of the Vardar.

While considering the line from Nish to Salonika it is necessary to leave Servia and for a moment discuss the most important links that supply traffic to this line. At Uskub, where the main line enters the valley of the river Vardar, a branch line runs north-west to Mitrovitza, a distance of approximately 70 miles. Of Mitrovitza and the new railway which is proposed from it I will say more anon.

Neither the line from Salonika to Zibeftche, on the Turco-Servian frontier, or its branch from Uskub to Mitrovitza, have any kilometric guarantee, and both belong to the Oriental Railways. A separate railway unites Salonika and Monastir. This line, the total length of which is 136 miles, was opened in 1890. The kilometric guarantee is £572 per year.

We will now return to the main Belgrade and Constantinople Railway, and follow it across the Serb-Bulgarian frontier. A line opened in 1899

runs from Sofia up the valley of the Isker, and then across the plains of Northern Bulgaria to Varna, a distance of 325 miles. This Varna-Sofia line again has important branches running from it to the southern bank of the river Danube. The first proceeds from near Plevna to Somovit, a distance of approximately 22 miles. A line from the Sofia-Varna line to Sistova on the Danube is almost completed, and another branch unites Tirnova with Rustchuk. A still further branch unites Kaspitchan (on the Sofia-Varna line) with Rustchuk, and provides a through connection between the latter town and Varna. Running south-west from Sofia, a line is open to Kustendil, which is only about 15 miles from the Bulgarian-Turkish frontier.

A line connecting Burgas with the Western world leaves the main trunk route at Tirnova Seymenli; it runs *via* Yeni Saghra and Yamboli to the Black Sea. At Yeni Saghra a branch line runs south-west to Tchirpan, and almost joins the main trunk line near Yeni Mohalle.

The only other important branch between Philippopolis and Constantinople is the line diverging from the main route just south of Koulelibourgas, about 18 miles south of Adrianople. This line, which was opened in 1892, forms the connecting

link between Constantinople and Salonika. The distance from the junction to Salonika is approximately 316 miles, and the kilometric guarantee is £620. I have given some details concerning a journey by this line in my chapter on the Rhodope Balkans.

I have endeavoured to describe the railways of the Balkans already constructed with some detail, I will now attempt to place before my readers the railways which are contemplated in the Peninsula, stating the importance of each as clearly as I can.

The proposed new railways are divided into three main categories—namely, a line which will make an alternative route from the north-west to Salonika, and run south-east from Bosnia and Herzegovina; secondly, a line or lines which will connect Russia and Rumania with the Adriatic or Salonika by a Danube bridge somewhere between Rustchuk and Khadavo; thirdly, a line to connect Athens with Europe by train. There are also one or two possible additions to the Monastir line. This phase of the chapter must be devoted, first, to a description of the lines running south-east from Bosnia towards Salonika.

Austria, which occupied Bosnia and Herzegovina after the Treaty of Berlin in 1878, gradually

increased her subduing influence over those states and constructed railways throughout Bosnia. These railways have lately been extended through Herzegovina to Zelinka, on the north side of the Bocche di Cattaro Fjord, and south-east through Bosnia to Uvac, on the Turkish frontier.

It is proposed to construct a bridge or train-ferry at Catene, and continue the line to Budua, Antivari, and Scutari. This will shut in Montenegro on its western side all along the sea, and would, of course, be objectionable to her. Austria claims to have the power to build this line across the south-west corner of Montenegro, by right of the Berlin Treaty; but Montenegro naturally objects. Italy, partly as a counterset to Austria, desires to see Antivari, the port of Montenegro, connected with the interior by rail. I will say more of this scheme thereafter. Italy, moreover, is trying to secure influence in Albania and Montenegro. The construction of this line from Zelinka to Scutari would naturally mean the increase of the power of Austria in this direction.

Recently the Sultan signed an Iradé granting permission to the Austrian Government to make the preliminary surveys for a line from Uvac to Mitrovitza which would pass through the Sanjak of Novi-Bazaar. The right of the construction of

this line was guaranteed to Austria by the Treaty of Berlin, signed in 1878, and she is therefore quite entitled to press her claim. This railway will be about 140 miles in length. The line is said by Austria to be a purely commercial scheme, but its construction will greatly contribute to the strength of Austrian political aims in this direction. It will pass through a bare and hilly country. A kilometric guarantee will most likely be demanded by Austria, which Turkey may probably not feel inclined to provide when the actual time for construction arrives. If Austria made a railway through the Sanjak of Novi-Bazaar at her own risk, she would probably demand a more open agreement as to her tenure of control in that district than she has at present. The commercial objections to the new route proposed from Central Europe to Salonika, which for the moment can only be strategical, are that the journey from Vienna to Salonika will be considerably longer than at present by Buda Pesth, Belgrade, and Nish, and as the Bosnian railways are of narrow gauge two changes for passengers and through goods would be necessary. Doubtless these narrow-gauge railways will be relaid if a line between Uvac and Mitrovitza is constructed. The extra length of the new route could be lessened if Banja-

luka and Jaitza were united by a line of railway; they are distant, I believe, *via* the valley of the river Urbas, only about 45 miles, and the direct route from Salonika to Vienna *via* Bosnia could then run *via* Jaitza, Banjaluka, and Agram, instead of *via* Brod. This would provide Austria with a line to Salonika, avoiding Hungary (Proper) and Servia. This line would, of course, be objectionable to Servia both because, as I said before, it might provide an alternative route for goods from Central Europe to Salonika, and also because it might increase the power of Austria in the Sanjak of Novi-Bazaar. The branch of railway leading up to the Sanjak of Novi-Bazaar is, I believe, built with broad-gauge cuttings and bridges. A branch line has also been constructed leading up to the Servian frontier at Mokragora—this policy has been dictated by obvious strategical reasons.

If this new railway through the Sanjak of Novi-Bazaar is ever built, it will provide a direct line of advance for Austria into Turkey. An army advancing from Austria or Germany by any other railway route, either to attack the Ottoman Dominions or coming to support the Sultan, would have first to be countenanced by, or subdue Servia, or both Servia and Bulgaria. Moreover, as I explained above, if the lines to which I draw attention

are built, Hungary (Proper) will be avoided. If Hungary in the future becomes independent of Austria, and if the latter country ever falls under German influence, then the Hungarians might form an important obstacle in the Germanic movement towards the south-east, as either friends or foes of the Sublime Porte. The proposed line would run through Croatia into Bosnia (now for all practical purposes governed by Austria) and thence enter Turkey. It will not therefore pass through any intermediate states.

If this new connecting link between Western Europe and Macedonia is ever constructed, either it or the line from Nish to Salonika may become of importance in the future, as becoming the through railway link with Athens. The Piræus-Larissa Railway was begun in 1890 by an English Company, which ceased work after four years. The construction of this line was resumed in 1900 by Baron George de Reuter and a French Company. The line is already open as far as Brallo, from Brallo to Larissa is almost finished, and the line from the latter place to the Turco-Greek frontier is in course of construction. Verria is only distant from the frontier some 15 miles, therefore the concession for the junction of the Greek and Turkish systems will probably be granted by

the Ottoman Government without any serious opposition.

If the line from Western Europe is improved, the mail route to India may conceivably be either *via* Salonika or the Piræus, both of these ports being a considerably shorter distance from Port Said, than Port Said is from Brindisi.

It is further possible that the line from Salonika to Monastir might on some future occasion be prolonged to Avlona, or Durazzo, on the Adriatic. Italy is in favour of this line, and it would assuredly greatly open up Macedonia. The Porte would, however, probably never sanction it; more especially as it could hardly be expected to be made without a kilometric guarantee. The distance is great, and the country through which this line would pass is in an unsettled state, therefore its construction is for the present improbable.

There are three more or less rival schemes for uniting the Danube with the Adriatic. First, the "Great Slav Railway," to run through Servia and Turkey; second, an alternative to this line through Servia and Montenegro; and third, a scheme for a line from the Danube through Bulgaria, and providing a through-route to Uskub and Salonika. Each of these schemes would provide Russia with some degree of compensation for the

proposed Austrian advance towards the south-east through Novi-Bazaar.

The Servian scheme is by no means a new one, and has been received with special favour in Servia since the commercial war between that country and Austria. This line would provide connection with Rumania by a bridge across the Danube either at Kladovo or at Radujevatz, and would run *via* Nish on the main line, through Scutari to San Giovanni di Medua on the Adriatic, about 20 miles south of the Montenegrin frontier. A branch, as I said above, from Scutari to Dulcigno and Antivari in Montenegro is also meditated.

This line has at least two rivals. The Italians have constructed a railway from Antivari to Virpazaar, a distance of about five miles. It is proposed to carry this line round the northern shores of Lake Scutari, and continue it *via* Podgaritza to Mitrovitza and Nish. From Nish the line to the Danube would be the same as the route I have described above. Turkey would, however, be opposed to this. It would mean the creation of a seaport outside the Ottoman Dominions. The Sultan will probably be averse to the creation of any port that might prove a rival to Salonika, where he owns property, and from where he derives a considerable income.

The Bulgarian scheme for railway construction is to provide through communication from Rumania to Salonika *via* Bulgaria. It is possible that a bridge across the Danube might be built at Widin, Sistova, or Rustchuk. A line is in course of construction from Widin to Sofia. The line to connect Sistova on the Danube with the main line from Sofia to Varna is almost completed, and, to repeat a point I have already emphasised, Rustchuk is connected with Sofia by rail. It therefore remains to construct the Danube bridge, the situation of which will have to be arranged between the Bulgarian and Rumanian Governments. As I have shown from the cost of the bridge at Cernavoda, this will be an enormous expense, although a considerably less sum than that spent at Cernavoda will probably suffice, as the approaches to the bridge itself will not require so great a length of viaduct as in Rumania. The missing link would then only be the section of the line from Kustendil to Uskub, a distance of about 65 miles. Turkey has formally agreed to this line, but she still retards its construction.

It seems as if the latter project was the most likely to succeed, as it requires little new railway construction, and provides a more direct route from Bucharest to Salonika than would the pro-

posed Servian line *via* Nish and Uskub. The latter route might at some future occasion provide the additional advantage of communication with the Adriatic either by the Montenegrin or Turkish line to which I have referred. However, the funds necessary for building these lines seem to prohibit any hope of their immediate construction, and it is unlikely that for the present there will be any connection between the northern bank of the Danube and Servia or Bulgaria. It is, however, possible that ere long Kustendil may be joined to Uskub by a railway.

II

ASIA MINOR AND SYRIA

I have attempted to deal with the railways of the Balkan Peninsula in some detail; I will now turn to lines which at present exist in Asia Minor, and those which it is proposed to construct.

The railways of Asia Minor may be divided into two main groups: firstly, those which form part of, or will be feeders of, the so-called Bagdad Railway; and, secondly, those which have no connection with it.

The railway from Scutari to Ismid, a distance

of 58 miles, was completed in 1872; this section of the present Anatolian Railway was built by the Turkish Government, and was afterwards leased to an English Company, which worked the railway until 1888. The line was then taken over by a German Company, who obtained a concession for its extension to Angora with a kilometric guarantee for the old and new sections. This Company became known later (I believe in 1893) as the Anatolian Railway Company, and completed the railway to Angora in 1892. A concession was also granted in 1893 for the prolongation of this line to Cæsarea, but this extension has never been begun. This Company, moreover, obtained a concession for the extension of their line from Eski-Shehr to Konia; the distance between these two towns is approximately 275 miles, and the line, which is supported by a kilometric guarantee, was opened in 1897. There is a short branch of this section from Alayund to Kutahia.

The Smyrna-Cassaba line was built by an English Company, the concession for it being granted in 1863. Its construction was slow, and in 1894 the line, then, I believe, only 105 miles long, was purchased by a French Company. This railway has since been extended to meet the

Anatolian Railway at Afiun-Karahissar, making up a total distance from Smyrna of about 261 miles. There is a kilometric guarantee, and the line has one or two branches. The junction of the two railways is, however, broken by the removal of a few yards of rail, and the French train does not approach within a quarter of a mile of the German line at Afiun-Karahissar. There is therefore no through traffic between the Anatolian Railway and the French line; passengers must change stations at Afiun-Karahissar, and should they desire to make a connection from Konia with the Smyrna train, a telegram must be dispatched from Konia to the French Company at Afiun-Karahissar, to ask for the train to be delayed. If this precaution is taken, the Smyrna train may wait—it did so on the occasion when I was returning from Konia. The fact of this break in the line tends to starve the French Company, and to force all goods to follow the Anatolian line to Haidar-Pasha. I am only treating this line as a tributary of the Bagdad Railway, as it can easily be united with it at Afiun-Karahissar. There is at present no financial connection between the two Companies. The purchase of the French Company by the Anatolian Railway would perhaps be the best ending to its existence, as I believe at present the two Companies

do not work for one another's interest as far as goods are concerned, and merchandise from the German line all proceeds to Haidar-Pasha.

The Mersina-Adana Railway, the length of which is 42 miles, was built by an English Company and opened in 1886. Later this line was transferred to a French Company, and I think now is merged in the German railway companies; it will eventually form one of the important branches of the Bagdad Railway, providing an outlet on the Mediterranean.

I have shown that the Anatolian Railway from Haidar-Pasha to Konia is about 630 miles long. It is proposed to extend this line to the Persian Gulf, under the name of the "Bagdad Railway."

In December 1899 a concession was signed giving the Anatolian Railway Company the right to construct a line to the Persian Gulf. After the concession was granted, there were difficulties about the requisite security for the kilometric guarantee, but a convention signed in March 1893 concluded the final arrangements for the Konia-Eregli section.

The line has been divided into sections of 125 miles in length; each having its own kilometric guarantee. The total length of the line will be about 1500 miles. The first section of the

railway, which extends as far as Boulgourlou (a small village about six miles beyond Eregli) was opened in 1904. The next section, which includes the passage of the Taurus Mountains, will be a very expensive one to construct, and I believe the present delay is in order that the Ottoman Government may make arrangements for the necessary kilometric guarantee. After traversing the Taurus Mountains, the railway will pass Adana, where the branch from Mersina will join it. Thence the railway will pass the town of Killis and cross the Desert *via* Mosul, on the river Tigris, to Bagdad. Eventually, a line extending to Busra and some port on the Persian Gulf will be constructed.

As I mentioned before, the length of the proposed line will be about 1500 miles, of which only 125 are complete. The total amount that this railway will cost to build is probably about £20,000,000; the interest on this sum would be at least £1,000,000, which will have to be largely provided by the Turkish Government under their guarantees, as the railway cannot be expected to cover even working expenses for years to come. I think the above figures are sufficient to show the line is a political, or strategical, rather than a commercial undertaking.

Negotiations were entered into by the German

A Wayside Station on the Bagdad Railway.

Camels at Eregli Station.

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Company with both France and England to solicit their support for the new line. In the Representative Houses of both countries the matter was fully discussed. In England, after much discussion, it was considered the advantages offered in exchange for the British capital provided, were not sufficient to render any support advisable. France followed the lead of Great Britain, and negotiations are, I believe, for the present in abeyance.

The Bagdad Railway will be nominally a Turkish Company, but there are certain articles of the convention which, under possible circumstances, might give the Company enormous powers in the country. Certain limited rights of navigation on the rivers Tigris and Euphrates are granted to the Company. Mining rights are assigned to the Company for twelve miles on either side of the line; the use of water power for manufacturing electricity is even permitted, and quays may be constructed at Bagdad, Busra, and on the Persian Gulf. These, in addition to other privileges, may give great power to a strong Railway Company, backed up by a powerful Government, which, in Turkey especially, always supports its trade interests.

The Bagdad Railway, which in any case would

have been of the greatest importance, may become of even greater significance owing to the Anglo-Russian Convention concerning Persia. It is conceivable that Persia, who has been but little, if at all, consulted about the Anglo-Russian Convention of 1907 concerning Persia, may feel herself injured at the partition of her country into spheres of interest, which often subsequently lead to spheres of control, and certainly hint at national weakness; if this is the case, it is natural that she should turn to Germany for assistance or advice. I think, under these circumstances, that it is obvious that a line under German control leading up to the very borders of Persia would prove a most powerful instrument in the hands of the Government, should necessity ever arise to make use of it.

A journey by the Anatolian Railway is more comfortable than one might expect. Trains do not travel at night, and therefore the morning start is a very early one. The journey from Constantinople to Angora occupies two days, the night being passed at Eski-Shehr, where there is a primitive but fairly clean hotel, with excellent food, especially the morning coffee. Except on the section of the line Haidar-Pasha to Ismid, there is only one passenger train (this is partly composed

STATION HOTEL, KONIA.

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of goods waggons) in each direction daily. From Haidar-Pasha to Ismid there are two daily trains each way. If you wish to avoid a very early departure from Pera, in order to catch the train at Haidar-Pasha, you can therefore catch the afternoon train, and spend the first night at or near Ismid; in this case you can leave again by the through train to Eski-Shehr about noon the following day. The journey from Haidar-Pasha to Eski-Shehr is in places through lovely scenery. Eski-Shehr is the great dépôt of the line; there are large workshops for repairing, and I believe now for building engines.

At Eski-Shehr the line to Konia diverges towards the south. The ancient Iconium is reached at the end of the second day's journey. The Railway Company has built a hotel, where the tourist interested in early churches and wonderful mosques of the Seljukian period may pass a few days in tolerable comfort. From Konia, another half-day takes you to Boulgourlou, the present terminus of the Bagdad Railway. You may even go and return from Boulgourlou in one day.

As I mentioned before, the connection with the French line to Smyrna is at Afiun-Karahissar, between Eski-Shehr and Konia. Smyrna is reached after a day and a half's journey on the French line.

The night is passed at a small hotel, which, I understand, is very dirty.

Since I began to write this chapter, I see by the daily newspapers that the Council of Ministers at Constantinople has decided to advise the Sultan to allow the construction of four new sections of the Bagdad Railway. This will increase the length of the line by 500 miles, and will make a point at, or near, the town of Mardin the terminus of the railway. As I think I have already made clear, this extension of the present system will include the passage of the Taurus Mountains, which is said to be the most difficult section of the whole line. Moreover, when these 500 miles of new railway have been completed, the terminus will be in the plains of the rivers Tigris and Euphrates, and the construction of the remaining sections will therefore present fewer difficulties than the ones now about to be begun. This extension of the Bagdad Railway will permit of its junction with the Adana-Mersina line, and will also enable the railways of Anatolia to be connected with the Syrian system.

The junction of the Asia Minor and Syrian systems will probably be effected at, or near, the town of Killis. A railway already connects Damascus with Aleppo. This will either be ex-

tended to a point near Killis, or a branch of the Bagdad Railway will be built as far as Aleppo. A line known as the Hedjas Railway is being constructed from Damascus towards Mecca. At the end of 1907 about 600 miles of this railway were already completed, bringing the terminus of the line to a point near the town of Medain-Saleh, which is situated about 200 miles north of Medina. The line as far as Medina will probably be completed during the autumn of this year (1908) and may be open to Mecca, a further distance of between 200 and 300 English miles about two years later.

The Hedjas Railway is, I believe, to be extended to some port on the east coast of the Red Sea. This port will probably be either Rabigh or Jiddah, or possibly, in the future, lines will be constructed to both these towns. If the former town is selected, which I understand is the most likely, a line from Medina of 125 miles in length would connect that town with the sea; or the junction of the branch from Rabigh may be at some point on the main line between Medina and Mecca. If Jiddah is chosen, a line of about 50 English miles in length will have to be built from Mecca to the seacoast.

The Syrian railways running north and south from Damascus have already two important links

with the Mediterranean Sea. One line unites the northern portion of this system with Beyrout, whilst another joins the Hedjas Railway at Derat with the port of Haifa.

The Bagdad and Hedjas Railways combined will possess enormous political importance for the Sultan, and moreover may provide the British nation with some ground for fear.

As I have said elsewhere, one of the most important points which supports the claim of the Sultan to the position of Caliph, or Head of Islam, is that he is guardian of the Holy Cities of Mecca and Medina. This railway cannot fail to strengthen the Sultan's power in Arabia, as it enables a Turkish army to be easily transported from European Turkey, Asia Minor, and Syria to the borders of the Red Sea without the protection of a fleet, which the Sultan does not possess. Moreover, the Sultan by taking the greatest personal interest in the Hedjas Railway, and seeing that the construction of the line was honestly carried out, has appealed to the feelings of Mohammedans all over the world. By the trouble he has taken to make the pilgrimage to the Holy Cities easier than in the past, the Sultan has increased the feeling of respect in which he is held by Mohammedans throughout the universe. In view of the decline

in the temporal power of the Sultans of Turkey, any factor that will tend to strengthen their position as Caliph is of the greatest importance, both to the Padishah himself and to the States with whom he comes in contact.

When the railways of Asia Minor and Syria are united, it will be possible to convey soldiers of the Sultan or his allies by land in perfect safety almost to the boundary of Egyptian territory and to place them in a dangerous position right on the flank of our advance to India.

I have endeavoured not to describe the railways of Syria in any detail, and I have only discussed the Hedjas Railway and its branches at so great a length because in the future it may form a very important supplement of the Bagdad Railway.

Let me return quickly to the only two lines of Asia Minor that I have not already touched upon, namely, the Smyrna-Aidin line and the Mudania-Brusa line. Neither of these at present has any connection with the Anatolian or Bagdad Companies. Neither has any Government guarantee.

The Smyrna-Aidin Railway, begun in 1856, was constructed and is still owned by a British Company. It was opened as far as Aidin in 1866. The mileage has been extended eastwards, and the line has now reached Diner, a distance of

234 miles from Smyrna; a branch diverges a little north-west of Diner and runs to Chivril. This Company is probably to extend its system, but owing to the proposed construction of the Bagdad Railway by a German Company, this line is not likely to become of the same importance as might otherwise have been the case. Although unprovided with any Government guarantee, the line is said to pay well.

The Mudania-Brusa Railway, which unites the ancient capital of the Ottoman Empire with its port on the Sea of Marmara, is only 26 miles long. It was completed by a French Company in 1892, and has no political importance.

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